Chronicles

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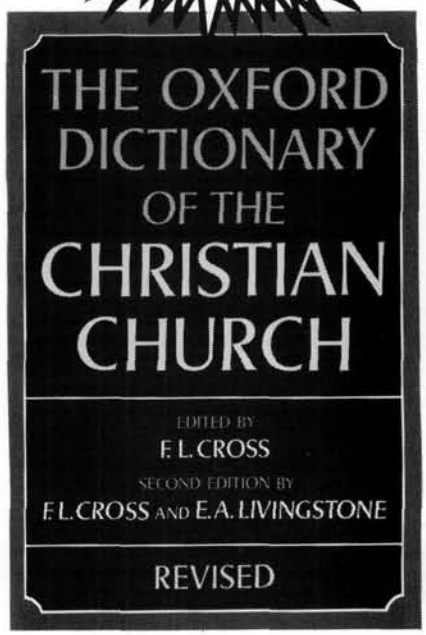

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A MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN CULTURE

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POLEMICS & EXCHANGES

On 'Jack Kemp'

Having attended The National Review Institute's Conservative Summit in San Diego last year, I can attest to the veracity of Llewellyn Rockwell's and Jeffrey Tucker's descriptions of Jack Kemp in recent issues of *Chronicles*.

"Wacky Jack" gave an appalling keynote speech in which he pandered to the neoconservatives, rolled his shoulders as if addressing an audience of rap music devotees, and made the "I Have a Dream" speech the organizing principle of the conservative movement. Actually, it was worse. Kemp refused to use the word conservative, instead repeating the moniker "progressive conservative" over and over. Even the neoconservatives were wincing by the end of his harangue. Let us yell from the rooftops that Kemp cannot in any way, shape, or form be a part of any movement that is remotely "conservative."

—Fred Birnbaum
Long Beach, CA

CULTURAL REVOLUTIONS

IMMIGRATION is exclusively a federal responsibility, but all states, like California, must pay for federally mandated medical, educational, and social services for immigrants. As *Newsweek* recently reported, 10.4 percent of all new immigrants received welfare in 1990, as compared to 7.7 percent of native-born Californians, and each immigrant welfare check was on average more than 10 percent greater than that of the native born. Currently some two million illegal immigrants and their half-million citizen-children in California cost over $5.3 billion annually just for Medi-Cal, criminal incarcerations, education, and AFDC. Meanwhile the state's population is growing at more than 2.2 percent per year, greater than that of either India or Pakistan. This, plus the more than 600,000 (mostly immigrant) annual newcomers to California, brings a spiraling demand for public services that state revenues are unable to meet.

Granted that California's revenues are declining as the result of a two-year recession, Governor Pete Wilson is correct in identifying "out of control" immigration as an essential problem for which past U.S. legislators and Presidents Reagan and Bush are responsible. Nor has President Clinton delivered much more than sound bites on the issue. For example, he recommended strengthening the border patrol by 600 persons, something Congress had already authorized last year.

Despite promises to control illegal immigration under the Immigration Reform and Control Act of 1986 (IRCA) through employer sanctions, which would fine employers hiring illegal immigrants without proper identification and bring more border patrolmen and internal enforcement, our duly elected politicians have cynically failed to provide the resources to do the job. Nor, as required under IRCA, has a secure identifier been developed for employment purposes, despite the widespread use of fraudulent documents by more than three million illegal aliens working in the United States. The border patrol is still 2,000 agents below the level authorized by Congress in 1986. Budget restrictions have severely cut INS internal investigations of employers hiring illegal aliens. Due to lack of detention facilities, over 250,000 so-called asylees are working with permits while they await adjudicated hearings that could take decades at the current rate of hearings. Fewer than one-third of the asylees even bother to show up. The great majority are believed to be economic refugees, not "true" asylees who are being persecuted for their political views.

To make matters worse, in 1989, as the United States slid into a recession and unemployment escalated, Congress and President Bush eagerly embraced the Immigration Act of 1990, which increased *legal* immigration by 40 percent. In 1991 alone, legal immigration, including IRCA amnesties, reached 1.8 million. And legal immigration flows will remain at one million or more yearly under current law, a total greater than

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the number of immigrants admitted by the rest of the industrial countries combined.

Is immigration, legal and illegal, good for the American economy? The *Wall Street Journal*'s editorial pages and their hired academic gun Dr. Julian Simon would lead the reader to believe so. So too would the Ford Foundation-financed Urban Institute and its cohort of pro-immigration academic writers, such as Jeffrey Passel and Rebecca Clark. None of the above has yet found an immigrant who costs more than he pays in taxes. But supporters of open borders and cheap-labor policies, while good for the bottom line of many businesses hiring low-cost immigrants and for those hiring minimum-wage nannies, are quite harmful to the working class competing with them, as well as to the American taxpayers picking up the public service costs of immigrants.

To determine comprehensively how immigrants are affecting the American taxpayer required a study at the national level. A study of this magnitude was made possible for the first time only by newly available empirical data, including the 1990 census and other key governmental reports, additional new research by the Auditor General of California and the County of Los Angeles, and new field research by myself and economists George Borjas, David Card, Joseph Altonji, Vernon Briggs, and David Simcox.

After one year spent gathering, studying, and analyzing the data, I concluded that immigrants cost the American taxpayer more than $42.5 *billion* in 1992 alone (i.e., all legal immigrants arriving in the United States since 1970 plus the total of all illegal and amnestied immigrants residing here in 1992). The final study is 83 pages in length and includes 23 tables with 22 categories of costs to federal and state governments, ten categories of services provided by local governments, plus five categories of assistance costs for American workers displaced from their jobs by immigrant workers. Total gross costs were $62.7 billion, from which were subtracted $20.2 billion in state, federal, and local taxes paid by immigrants, resulting in net costs of $42.5 billion in 1992.

The largest direct national public outlays for immigrants in 1992 were: primary and secondary education, $13.2 billion; Medicaid, $8.5 billion; local health and welfare services, $7.8 billion; bilingual education, $2.9 billion; and Aid to Families with Dependent Children, $2.8 billion. The costs of the displacement of 2.07 million American workers idled by immigration, which took their willingness to work at jobs like those done by illegal immigrants, totaled $11.9 billion for Medicaid, AFDC, unemployment compensation, food stamps, and General Assistance programs. The study also projected public assistance costs over the decade 1993 to 2002 should immigration laws not be changed. The net annual cost to the American taxpayer would average $67 billion per year in 1992 dollars, a net total of $668.5 billion after taxes over the decade.

Not included in the above are environmental costs that accompany population growth, such as compliance with clean air and water acts, preservation of wetlands, and toxic waste disposal. One example of such costs are the uncompensated environmental costs of operating motor vehicles. Driving costs for all legal and illegal immigrants were $17.2 billion in 1992 and are projected to total $144.7 billion for the next ten years in 1993 dollars.

It is important to realize that almost three-quarters of the above costs are incurred by legal immigrants, not illegal aliens. Therefore, Governor Wilson was wrong when he singled out illegal immigrants. In fact, newly arriving legal immigrants annually outnumber illegal immigrants 3 to 1, while they also have higher per capita public assistance costs than do illegals—$2,940 vs. $2,103 yearly.

Nationwide, 65 percent of Americans favor reductions in immigration. Is this indicative of xenophobia or racism as claimed by some immigrant advocates? I believe not. National polls by *U.S. News Today*, *Newsweek*, and others substantiate that most Americans, including a majority of minorities, believe that their long-term economic interests are hurt by large-scale immigration.

President Clinton once told an enraged San Diego audience that the United States is powerless to stop illegal immigration. Can a nation that stopped Saddam Hussein's 500,000-man army in its tracks claim that it is unable to stop illegal immigration? Or is our legislative process so gridlocked that laws not in our interest, such as the 1964 family reunification immigration law, cannot be altered? What we are facing is not a lack of capability. It is a lack of will and understanding, partly because of powerful disinformation and misinformation efforts by the above-mentioned organizations, by Hispanic political groups such as MALDEF and LULAC, and by media such as the *New York Times*.

In the meantime, the few gaining from the current situation—businesses fattening up on cheap immigrant labor, bleeding-heart humanitarians who are oblivious to the pain their actions are causing others, and yuppies needing minimum-wage nannies—will continue their assault upon the rest of society (the taxpaying public and the American work force increasingly facing job displacement and wage depression) until fundamental changes are made in our immigration policies.

It is time to initiate a national debate on the current policy of large-scale immigration into the United States. This debate should be kept on a constructive, rational plane rather than yield to the charges of racism and scapegoating typically brought by immigration advocates against those who raise questions about their policies. Fortunately, the sting of the charge of racism as a tactic of intimidation seems to be diminishing. Larger majorities now appear ready to do what they believe is right for America rather than succumb to being politically correct. In the meantime, masses of Americans are departing the geographic regions where immigrants are agglomerating, such as Miami, New York, and California. One hundred thousand left California last year alone.

The realization that we have as a people been sliding toward second-class status for over two decades may yet awaken the citizenry who have been slumbering. It is late, but not too late to perceive great danger, understand its sources, and act with wisdom and dispatch. Immigration is not our only problem, but it is one of our most fundamental and pernicious.

—*Donald L. Huddle*

THE KENNEDY-SCHUMER bill was a victory for "law and order," proclaimed Senator Edward Kennedy after the Senate vote to crack down on protesters at abortion clinics. The Freedom of Access to Clinic Entrances Bill authorizes lengthy jail time and fines for entirely nonviolent conduct that "intentionally and physically obstructs the ingress or egress of another to a medical facility" with the "intent to prevent or

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discourage any person from obtaining reproductive health services."

The threat of prison, however, applies only to those who protest for moral reasons, and not to striking clinic workers. The interesting thing about the Kennedy-Schumer bill is that it specifically exempts labor pickets. No paddy wagons will be dispatched by Senator Kennedy to pick up the clinic receptionists who are striking for flex time or better dental benefits, even if their sidewalk actions "discourage" patients from entering. It's those who might have some ethical questions about the widespread use of abortion as a method of birth control who need to watch their step.

In a recent speech in Texas, Hillary Rodham Clinton said, "The market knows the cost of everything but the value of nothing." This "sleeping sickness of the soul" is one of Hillary Clinton's long-running concerns. She rejected the "acquisitive" life in her 1969 commencement speech at Wellesley College, and she continues to wonder "Who will lead us out of the spiritual vacuum?" in her recent *New York Times Magazine* cover interview. She's probably right. There must be more to life than writing laws that protect striking abortion workers against liability for ingress and egress blockages.

If she was off the record and away from the ideologues at NOW and the AFL-CIO, one wonders if Hillary Clinton would acknowledge the underlying materialism in allowing picketing for pay raises but not for the expression of moral disagreement. Isn't that putting "the market" before values? Doesn't that put the "acquisitive" on a pedestal?

There is, too, the question of a double standard, with the Kennedy-Schumer bill criminalizing acts and speech that are intended to "discourage abortion," while the same type of activities outside the Embassy of South Africa, which are intended to discourage trade, aren't penalized with the same jail time. This differential treatment for the same conduct flows from the assumption that those protesting outside the embassy are good pro-democracy activists, while those outside the abortion clinics are antiwoman bigots. Any discussion about the potential for totalitarianism in South African Marxism is considered reactionary, and to say that half of all fetuses are potential women is completely off limits.

A big mystery in all of this is how Senator Kennedy moved like lightning to propose federal protection for abortion clinics after the senseless murder of Dr. David Gunn in Pensacola and yet was fully unmoved when Won Tae Lee was murdered in his store not too far from the senator's office in Washington. Lee's killing was part of something worse, a widening pattern of murdered Korean storekeepers from coast to coast, while Dr. Gunn was the only abortion doctor killed in America during two decades of anti-abortion demonstrations. What law would Senator Kennedy propose if four abortion doctors were killed in Manhattan? That's the number of Korean grocers killed in New York City last year—just Korean grocers, not Korean florists or landlords, in just one city in one year.

In South Central L.A., Korean entrepreneurs now run a 1-in-250 chance of being killed each year, about the same fatality rate our troops faced in Vietnam. Hyung Soo Kim, 65, was recently beaten to death outside his grocery store in Los Angeles. He had survived the riot of 1992 and rebuilt his looted market. This time, he was lured outside his store by two young punks who were spray-painting graffiti on his wall. Four other Korean storekeepers were killed within two months in the same area this year.

Ice Cube makes a good living rapping about the slaughter in his song "Black Korea": "So don't follow me up and down your market, or your little chop suey ass will be a target." If hit songs glorified the killing of abortionists, wouldn't Senator Kennedy be calling the music a hate crime?

None of these murders of Korean businessmen stirred the liberals in Washington as much as the one politically incorrect murder of Dr. Gunn. It was front-page news when the Senate passed the Clinic Entrances Bill. The headline in the *Washington Post* was "Abortion Clinics Given Protection," while back inside the newspaper on page D-3 on the same day was a small story about the murder of Uwoma Afamefuna Elue, 39, at the Metro Food Store in Capitol Heights. He was shot in the forehead with a sawed-off shotgun on the late shift the night before.

Maybe murders of small-business owners are politically correct now. Perhaps liberals see the slaughter of Mom-and-Pop proprietors as proof that their whole analysis and agenda are right. "Those weren't criminals," explained Representative John Conyers about those who rioted and looted in L.A. and left 51 dead, "they were outraged citizens." Rev. Jesse Jackson says, "Desperate people do desperate things," while Representative Maxine Waters says, "No justice, no peace." These politicians are coloring it as expected and understandable, even excusable, for people to kill their neighbors if they don't like the outcome of a trial. From there, it's a short step to saying it's okay to kill Korean storekeepers because the world's unfair.

Each year, the loudspeakers from the politicians and the entertainers move us closer to saying that hopeless and frustrated people are entitled to kill. In his *Home Invasion* album, Ice-T says "We have a common enemy and that's the people who don't want to give out equality." Bill Clinton says that the "free ride" is over for the "elite few" who didn't pay their "fair share" in the 80's. He never explains that the top 25 percent of income earners pay over three-fourths of the federal tax bill. "Who you going to blame it on, me?" asks Ice-T about the coming urban war that he predicts—"Try your quest for wealth," he answers. "I have news for the forces of greed," warns Bill Clinton, "your time has come and gone." Maybe that's what the killers of Won Tae Lee and Hyung Soo Kim were thinking. Maybe they overdosed on Bill Clinton's class-warfare rhetoric. Maybe they think "12 years of neglect" makes them exempt from moral standards, responsibility, and guilt.

"Who will lead us out of the spiritual vacuum?" asks Hillary Rodham Clinton. She could start the journey by telling the truth about the 1980's. She could say that the number of black families earning over $50,000 per year tripled in the past 12 years, and that women entrepreneurs in America now employ more people than the *Fortune* 500. Rather than exaggerating every obstacle, she could say that the number of white male and black male executives and managers expanded by 12 percent and 45 percent respectively in the 80's, while the number of black female executives and managers jumped by 120 percent. Instead of trying to maximize the numbers of Americans who see themselves as victims in need of a larger nanny state, she could point to the successes and opportunities that surround every one of us. Isn't that what the "Boy from Hope" film at the Democratic Convention was all about?

Hillary Clinton could start the trip

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out of her spiritual vacuum by pointing to Koreatown as a better anti-poverty program than anything the social engineers from Yale or Harvard have delivered. That's the first step.

—*Ralph R. Reiland*

THE CALIFORNIA TEACHERS Association (CTA) and its allies raised $17 million to defeat Proposition 174, California's school voucher initiative, which proposed granting parents a voucher worth as much as $2,600 that could be applied to tuition at public *or* private schools. Ironically, this special interest didn't even have to break a sweat: the campaign budget of "Yes on Prop 174" amounted to a mere $2 million, hardly the sort of money needed to campaign effectively in the country's most populous and demographically and culturally complex state. The CTA could even afford to drop $100,000 on victory parties throughout California. The union's politician-packed party at San Francisco's posh Fairmont Hotel was so lavish that one anti-voucher activist confided to a *San Francisco Chronicle* reporter, "It's the Circus of the Stars. It is an extravaganza."

During California's last legislative campaign cycle (1991-92), the CTA gave nearly one million dollars in campaign contributions to politicians, according to California Common Cause, which in a July 1993 study of the "Top Ten" special interests in California said the CTA "ranked number one in terms of total political expenditures, and spent $7.4 million on state political activities in 1991 and 1992." California Common Cause likewise noted that in the last election cycle the CTA, which keeps a staff of eight lobbyists, diversified its investments; campaign contributions went to 126 political candidates throughout California, 86 of whom are now holding office. Willie Brown, the Democratic Assembly speaker whose career, fueled by extraordinary amounts of special interest money, has become a symbol of all that's rotten in the California legislature, topped the list of CTA money recipients in 1991-92 at $112,353. Brown opposed the voucher initiative, and Alice Huffman, the CTA's associate executive director, has been raising money to help draft him into running for governor—or another constitutional office.

Politicians on the CTA dole readily repaid the favor as election day neared. For instance, State Senator Diane Watson (D-Los Angeles), who took $4,198 in CTA money in 1991-92, said in September that "gangs" might start their own schools under Prop. 174. That's doubtful. Besides, adolescent thugs can already have their way in California's public schools: a 13-year-old and his friends, armed with a gun and knives, didn't need vouchers to help them plot a hostage-taking at a public Huntington Beach school last October. The plot was foiled, ineptitude being one thing public schools are still good at instilling in students.

If the Christian Coalition pumped this sort of money into the state's political system it would be front-page news. But for the teachers' union to be calling the shots on education by way of its checkbook is, well, just business as usual. The press, however, was not wholly to blame in the sinking of Prop 174. Initiative strategists blew most of their money up front on signature-gathering and failed to expose the union's political power and its financial interest in preventing *any* competition. Moreover, anti-voucher conservatives and libertarians who legitimately feared the intrusion of public policies in private education under a voucher regime and who voted against Prop 174 or who plain stayed at home on election day (both in good conscience) ironically helped to strengthen the statist status quo.

Prop 174 would not have toppled the CTA, but it would have diluted its power as well as given parents the opportunity to challenge the growing menace of politicized education—like the common practice of leading budding public employee union activists in letter-writing campaigns to the governor any time public-school budget cuts are in the news or the everyday cultivation of a new generation of sensitivity-niks by spending class time on condom etiquette and multicultural indoctrination. Had California's school voucher initiative passed, more parents would have opted out of a major state-managed and state-dictated system of everyday life, and their children would have learned the virtue of being weaned from the bureaucratic teat.

Voters in states where other school voucher battles are shaping up—Ohio, Pennsylvania, Arkansas, Wisconsin, Illinois, New York, Virginia, Michigan, and Oregon—should follow the money from teachers' unions in their respective legislatures and ask themselves one simple question: Should power-obsessed unions—special interests maintained professionally and politically with millions of taxpayer dollars—be allowed to continue their control over the education of the most impressionable?

—*Jim Christie*

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by Samuel Francis

Global Retch

Nearly four years after George Bush, on the eve of the Persian Gulf War, first popularized the expression "New World Order," is there anyone in the United States who does not greet that phrase with either a grin of sarcasm or a growl of hatred? The answer, in a nutshell, is yes. The expression may have become a cliché and the concept may have stumbled and tripped far more than its conceivers anticipated, but what it expresses remains the driving force in American foreign policy and in the minds that inhabit those cryptic circles where the course and contours of foreign policy are crafted.

The Gulf War, as a number of its critics pointed out at the time, was merely an experiment, a vanguard action intended to test the waters and see how far the trappings of patriotism and the jolliness that always accompanies successful military slaughter could be exploited to mobilize the American populace for the higher purpose of global salvation. The answer to the question "how far?" turned out to be "very far," and the national chest-thump that celebrated the mass murder of some 250,000 Iraqis who never even contemplated attacking Americans suggested that the architects of the global cow pasture could easily recruit all the sit-com-saturated cattle they needed to serve in future round-ups.

Since the end of the Gulf War, however, the embryonic global regime these architects planned to construct has not slouched forward to be born. Stage Two of its birthpangs was supposed to take place in the Balkans, but not even the architects could delude themselves that the Balkan terrain and politico-military conflict lent themselves to the kind of high-tech juggernaut that Mesopotamia permitted. In lieu of a Balkan crusade, we had to make do with the dunderheaded mission in Somalia, and that, with all its prospects of tossing lollipops to starving children while shooting down their mothers and fathers in the streets (and not infrequently the children, too), almost worked. What wrecked it was not any surfeit of compassion or regret for the acts of aggression the United States has committed there but the dawning realization that the mission of feeding the loathsome place could not be accomplished in the absence of inventing a government for it, and this could not be done unless we also engaged in a protracted war with its natural rulers. By the end of last summer, the folly of Mr. Bush's legacy to his successor and the nation in thrusting the country into a minor war in Somalia was evident even to Republicans, and neither President Clinton nor her husband showed any desire to scuttle their unsteady vessel of state with further involvement there.

Nevertheless, despite such *contretemps*, the passion for global meddling continues. At the end of 1992, an article in *Foreign Policy* entitled "Saving Failed States" (a phrase later used by U.N. Ambassador Madeleine Albright to argue for continued and escalated involvement in Somalia) postulated the compelling need for the United Nations and its largest province, the United States, to mount regular administrative and military escapades to salvage unsalvageable countries. Not only Somalia itself and the several noncountries of the Balkans but also Liberia and Cambodia were among the targets the authors identified for future missions of mercy, in addition to Ethiopia, Georgia (Stalin's, not Scarlett O'Hara's), and Zaire, with several other new nations of the old Soviet Union pitched in for good measure. In February 1993, the *New York Times* listed no fewer than 43 different countries into whose internal affairs the U.S.-U.N. colossus ought to inject itself, and when Secretary of State Warren Christopher explained his philosophy of global do-good during his confirmation hearings before a patient Senate Foreign Relations Committee, he worried that unless the United States "did something," the world might soon witness the unprecedented horror of having "5,000 countries rather than the hundred-plus we now have."

Why the prospect of 5,000 independent countries should be disturbing (I can think of at least 48 provinces of Washington that ought to be independent) Mr. Christopher did not explain, but the United Nations has been doing its best to make sure it doesn't happen. The number of U.N. troops involved in "peacekeeping" missions quadrupled in a single year between 1991 and the middle of 1992, from 11,000 to more than 44,000—as did the cost of fielding them, from the pittance of $700 million in 1991 to a whopping $2.8 billion in 1992, a quarter of which is disgorged by Americans.

Global reconstruction of states and countries that cannot function independently and probably should be swallowed by their neighbors is only one morsel on the globalist plate, however. The project of reconstruction—through military repression followed by the arrival of less lethal but no less destructive armies of educators, doctors, engineers, economists, goat and poultry experts, dam-builders, well-diggers, womanologists, childologists, vaccine scratchers, and ethnic relations managers—offers a bottomless pit of employment and empowerment for the therapeutic branch of the transnational elite, as well as rationales for more booty from the subordinate governments and peoples that pay for them.

The creation of what Mr. Christopher called "a world where borders matter less and less, a world that demands we join with other nations to face challenges that range from overpopulation to AIDS to the very destruction of our planet's life support system" would also offer a bonanza for multinational corporations and the eat-and-swill-and-screw economy they promote. Also last year, *Time* magazine published a special fall issue, largely financed by the Chrysler Corporation, burbling in glee over the arrival of a monocultural, monoracial planet, and Pico Iyer in an essay called "The Global Village Finally Arrives" bubbled over the erasure of traditional cultures and countries by the planetary swarm of immigrants bound together through the chewing gum and chicken wire of global consumptionism. "In ways that were hardly conceivable even a generation ago," he wrote,

> the new world order is a version of the New World writ large. . . . A

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> common multiculturalism links us all—call it Planet Hollywood, Planet Reebok or the United Colors of Benetton. . . . The global village is defined, as we know, by an international youth culture that takes its cues from American pop culture. Kids in Perth and Prague and New Delhi are all tuning in to *Santa Barbara* on TV, and wriggling into 501 jeans, while singing to Madonna's latest in English. . . . As fast as the world comes to America, America goes to the world—but it is an America that is itself multi-tongued and many hued.

Time's special issue appeared just on the eve of the passage of the North American Free Trade Agreement, a somewhat weaker U.S. analogue to the Maastricht Treaty's continental unification of Europe, and the year closed with former Secretary of State James Baker, Jeane Kirkpatrick, and several other globocrats calling for the extension of NATO to encompass all of Europe, regardless of the minor detail that the disappearance of the Soviet Union and the Warsaw Pact, the raisons d'etre of the Atlantic alliance, rendered NATO superfluous. Their arguments for expanding the Atlantic treaty, like the economic argument for NAFTA, were only pedantic sidebars to their real purpose, to nail down the planks of the New World Order in such a way that the principals could not escape from the transnational house they were constructing around themselves.

The temptation, to which writers on both the undomesticated right and left have readily succumbed, is to call the trend toward a global regime a form of imperialism, and apologists for the new planetary order like Charles Krauthammer afford some reason for doing so. Mr. Krauthammer has expressed no small skepticism about a Balkan engagement and no small disenchantment with the Somalian adventure, but only a few years ago in the *National Interest* he was slobbering over the prospect of nothing less than "Universal Dominion" for the "West," an expression that to him seems to mean not much more than a global fast-food chain occasionally backed up by the Marines, and when he plumped for the United States "to wish and work for a super-sovereign West economically, culturally, and politically hegemonic in the world," it might not have been unreasonable to infer that he was advocating imperialism.

But in fact globalism is not at all the same thing as imperialism. In imperialism, at least the historic versions of it we know, a particular political and cultural unit expands and imposes itself and its power on other particular political and cultural units, as when Rome, Great Britain, or the United States conquered and controlled other countries and other territories. Up to a point, imperialism is a perfectly normal and natural (though not necessarily harmless) result of any successful state. If a state keeps winning its wars, if its subjects or citizens are economically successful, then sooner or later the state and its people will wind up with an empire, and typically the state then sends out some of those people to govern the empire, exploit it, and bring back lots of swag and ego-gratification for those remaining at home.

Globalism is rather different. Under globalism, the political and cultural unit that is expanding is not the city-state, nation, or people that expands under imperialism; indeed, the dynamic of globalism works to submerge and even destroy such particularities. What expands under globalism is the elite itself, which progressively disengages itself from the political and cultural unit in which it originated and becomes an autonomous force, a unit not subordinated or loyal to any particular state, people, or culture. In the globalist regime that is writhing toward birth today, the transnational elite that runs it does not even claim to be advancing the material or spiritual interests of the nations it uses; the elite has only contempt for national identity, regards national sovereignty as at best obsolete and at worst a barrier to its aspirations, and believes (or affects to believe) that nationality and all its characteristics are on the way out.

Economies, in the globalist mind, are already "global," so nations no longer possess distinct and conflicting economic interests. Populations also will and ought to be global, so nations no longer serve as the depositories of distinctive cultural identities carried by specific peoples and coupled to political expression, and there is only Mr. Iyer's planetary consumption culture of Reeboks and Madonna. Political interests, too, are supposedly joined together, so that we can now forget about territorial disputes between countries, centuries-old national hatreds, and geopolitical conflicts determined by the evolution of earth and sea. Today, in the globalist goo-goo land, the only interests that exist are common ones, such as curing AIDS and saving whales, which separate and sovereign nations can't pursue successfully by themselves.

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But, while the transnational elite is busy persuading us that we have no collective interests as separate and distinct peoples, it neglects to point out the common interest that binds its own members and the organizational structures that house them—in multinational bureaucracies like the United Nations, the IMF, GATT, UNESCO, etc.; in multinational corporations; and in communications and educational institutions that are now transnational in reach and operation. Most of the "problems" the elite frets over, from curing AIDS and saving whales to pacifying Somalis and explaining to Serbs and Sinhalese the ethics of Bertrand Russell and Phil Donahue, are contrived to suit its own interests in gouging nations and their peoples for more money, conscripting their citizens into global legions to protect itself and its projects, and locking itself into permanent power by diminishing the sovereignty and independence of nations and taking over the functions of their governments.

Lacking a morally convincing argument with which to clothe this naked grasp for power, the elite and its apologists make their case by appealing to drippy moral opacities and patching up such appeals with dubious claims of historical inevitability and irreversibility. But even a casual consideration of their claims exposes their weakness. Not long after the end of the Gulf War, Brian Urquhart, former U.N. undersecretary-general and one of the Global Village's foremost town criers, announced in the *New York Times* that "the unravelling of national sovereignty seems to be a fixture of the post-Cold War era." The march to global rule is irreversible, you see, and we might as well get on with building upon it instead of trying to thwart it by shoring up the crumbling and illusory dikes of national sovereignty. But of course what had unravelled was not sovereignty. What had unravelled was the denial of national sovereignty by the Soviet Empire, and what had proliferated and is proliferating today and will keep on proliferating is precisely the national sovereignty the transnational elite so despises and fears.

The main conflict in the world today is the struggle between the forces of nationalism—which includes cultural, racial, tribal, religious, and other group loyalties and collectivities—and those of globalism, which includes the interests and ideologies of the elites who push globalism for their own benefit. It is a conflict that supersedes (but also to some degree encompasses) the truly obsolescent division between right and left. It is one that will not go away, no matter how many of Madonna's songs you listen to, and with the conjunction of nationalism and populism in the opposition to NAFTA, it is a conflict that is now beginning to erupt in the United States. If the United States has a future as anything more than the tax base and recruiting ground for the transnational elite and its regime, the conflict between a popular nationalism and elite globalism will need to develop even more, as it will in other nations. What America needs today is its own General Mohammed Aidid, a leader willing and able to rally Americans in resistance to our own local branch of the elite, and what the rest of the planet needs is not more Bushes, Clintons, Christophers, Urquharts, Iyers, and Boutros-Ghalis but to let 5,000 national sovereignties bloom.

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On the Borders of Wordsworth Country, In a Troubled Time

by Marion Montgomery

Natland hills are gentle, sloping down
From Helm to the trough-cutting Trent;
My tower is not your shadowed Grasmere cottage
High-circled by fells and scree, like Druid stones
Shaggy in mists, lowering in spring light.
Grasmere, couched down in mountains by deep water;
Rydal Fell, the slant of Grasmere Common,
Loughrigg and Langdale to the south and west—
You know these places I am naming
With sounds that echo as if my own familiars.
A country of stark peaks and ridges
Where sheep and tourists may yet be lost
With a little careless pilgrim labor;
You know weathers on Helvellyn northwards,
Its Striding Edge a ragged knife blade.
That white ridge path on the mountain back lies
Teasing in the god's eye color photo
I fondle at the tourist's stand, first aid
Stations to our lagging eyes till
Transported,
Whereon believing with my eyes closed,
I walk arms out as if on stunted wings,
As on a rope, for fear of tumbling two miles down
Into blue tarns the staggering sky must envy,
A last quiet valley there north beyond
Farmer Dodgson's raucus tractor grinding
Natland air into his sweet hay rows.
Less wild than desolate, your steep reach
Of crags toward Scotland looks familiar
To an eye subdued by meter's desolations.

But when the clouds come down among the silences
Of thinned tourists at their random wonders,
May not old Roman ghosts of civil order
Stand pale behind stone walls against the glance
Of tipped shafts?
Flint strikes spark,
A hard name burning low still in the settled mind:
Westward across the slight sea, song and chant
Steel the steady vise of order born of cold
Caesar and Cicero, of the fading Senate.
A chaos of words stirs the firm music,
Milk bottles flame on shields in Ulster evenings,
Tin tops from garbage bins bang concrete
While a tribal chant rises past meter,
Higher than the cry of these static ravens.

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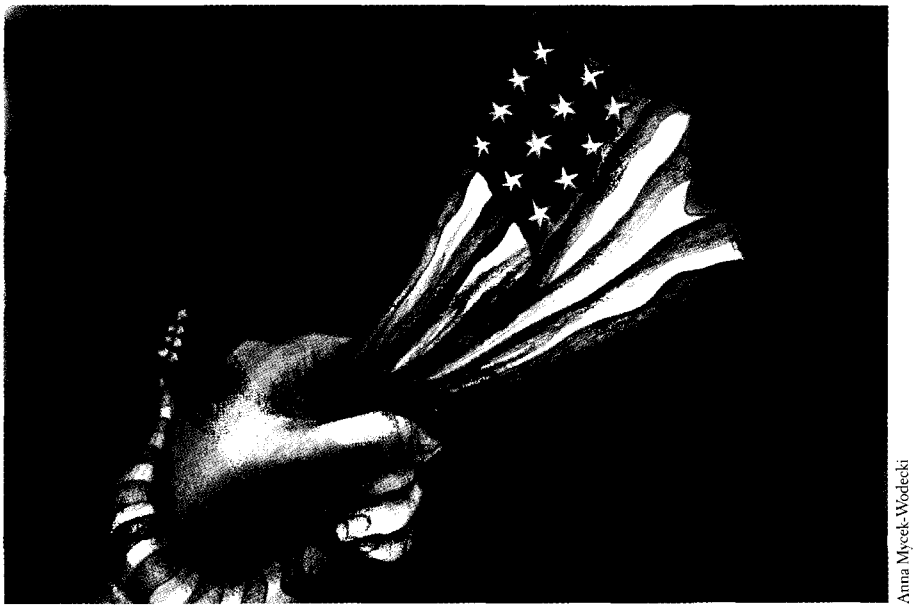

Anna Mycek-Wodecki

Don't Tread on Us

by Thomas Fleming

In the closing days of 1993 two familiar specters, recently absent from our nightmares, returned to haunt the global consciousness: the Russian bear, in the person of Vladimir Zhirinovsky, and the Yellow Peril, in the form of North Korea. There were, of course, other bugbears to frighten the children of democracy—the parade of new Hitlers led by Miloshevitch and Aidid, but neither the Serb nor the Somali possess the great talisman of fear, nuclear weapons.

Why is the bomb so important? After all, even our conventional weapons could pave over North Korea in a matter of days, and until the Russians can manage to subdue Ukraine and Kazakhstan, they are hardly in a position to menace Poland, much less Western Europe. But the bomb is a symbol both of American supremacy—we are, so far, the only nation barbaric enough to use it—and of the Cold War, whose principal strategy consisted of a vast computer game that measured victory in terms of potential megadeaths.

Yes, the world is a dangerous place. It always has been. Only in America could an idiot become rich and famous by predicting the end of history. The same people who promoted Francis Fukuyama are the type to laugh at our ancestors for table-rapping and witch-hunting, but no superstition of the past can possibly rival the absurdities promulgated every day by university professors prophesying doom and bliss in virtually the same breath.

There is more than one way to confront a dangerous world. The governing classes of the United States, knowing that much of their power derives from the terror they have systematically inspired for 50 years, would like us to go on wringing our hands and rattling our sabres till the end of time. But after so many years the sabres sound more like rattles designed to pacify a baby—in this case, the American people.

Pacifists have their own perilous answers to the problems of violence—unilateral disarmament, and turning the other cheek until the victim's head spins and there is no more cheek to punish. The older American attitude, which might be described as an armed and dangerous neutrality, was summed up in Teddy Roosevelt's maxim, "walk softly and carry a big stick." Our first flag, the coiled rattlesnake, bore the legend: "Don't Tread On Me," and we have adopted it here as our personal motto, both in foreign and domestic affairs. Leave others alone; respect their property; treat them fairly; and punish them swiftly and severely, whenever they break faith or violate your rights. Such a "Tit-for-Tat" strategy is the long-term winner in the computer games analyzed by George Axelrod, and it is the most secure basis for all human relations.

It was also the American foreign policy, in a nutshell, down to World War I. (In the Spanish-American War we managed to deceive ourselves into thinking we were the injured party.) But the "war to end all wars" was, in Woodrow Wilson's opinion, a crusade to change the world, and in sending an army onto European soil, the President was repealing the policy of isolation that had been declared by George Washington. Ironically (in the modern sense of "inevitably"), we went to war not for the sake of France but for the very empire from which we had to liberate ourselves in two wars.

"Lafayette, we are here." This famous declaration was made on July 4, 1917, in the Parisian cemetery where the Marquis de Lafayette lay buried. On behalf of the entire American Expeditionary Force, Charles E. Stanton proclaimed that "here and now in the presence of the illustrious dead we pledge our hearts and honor in carrying this war to a successful issue." An army of conscripts was an odd tribute to a man who had gone to America as a volunteer, but the Wilson administration knew that world power could never rest upon a basis of citizen-volunteers. Empires require conscripts and mercenaries, and

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even though there were plenty of red-blooded Americans itching to take a crack at the Kaiser, the army preferred compulsion to patriotism.

From another perspective, though, the July 4th tribute was symbolically appropriate. The nephew of Lincoln's dictatorial Secretary of War, Edwin Stanton was an ideal choice for announcing imperial America's arrival on the European continent. His chief, General Pershing, had first acquired fame in the campaign against Geronimo, and he was later to command American forces against the Philippino insurgents who preferred not to take lessons in democracy from an occupying army.

From the very beginning, General Pershing had insisted upon an independent American command. The French openly condescended to the Americans, whose troops were ill-trained and whose officers were not up to the logistical and strategic demands of modern warfare. Acknowledging the obstacles that lay before him, Pershing nonetheless resisted every move to amalgamate American forces into a joint command under French authority. Indeed, the fear of foreign entanglements was still so much a part of the American character that President Wilson never formally joined the alliance—we were associates rather than allies.

Most Americans must have assumed that victory would mean withdrawal from Europe. The President had other ideas, and among his Fourteen Points was a proposal for collective security in Europe. The Republicans shrank back in horror from the League of Nations and were able to recapture the White House by promising an end to the experiment in command economy and a return to normalcy.

Twenty years later a new German menace brought American troops back to Europe, this time under a "Supreme Allied Commander," Dwight Eisenhower. There are those who said—and some who still say—that we could have sat out World War II: that it was a result of the vindictive peace terms imposed at Versailles; that nothing good could come of an alliance that included the master-butcher of the century; that the war that began as a crusade to liberate Poland ended by turning her over to the tender mercies of Joseph Stalin; that war was a godsend to the planners, socialists, and traitors who staffed the New Deal. Once the shooting started, the arguments lost their point, and by the time the shooting stopped, most of the great isolationists were either dead or in retirement.

For a brief period—roughly the five years between 1945 and 1950—there was a political debate on America's future role in Europe. The contest could be seen as a struggle between two major parties: on the one hand, the dupes and traitors, such as Henry Wallace, Harry Dexter White (the author of the World Bank), and Alger Hiss; on the other hand stood the infant cold warriors, Harry Truman, Arthur Vandenberg, and Dean Acheson.

If Truman and Acheson were willing to be warriors, it was only cold warriors, and the administration refused to back up the military men who were willing to fight for victory. There are people who want to believe that when Truman sacked MacArthur, it was a victory for the Constitution. Where in the Constitution does it say that a President may commit American troops to an undeclared war, under the auspices of an international agency, without having victory as an object? If MacArthur slipped in disobeying his Commander-in-Chief, he could be defended on the logic of the Nuremberg Trials. Korea was an unconstitutional and immoral war in which American soldiers were slaughtered for some vague idea of containment, and the fault does not lie at the door of Douglas MacArthur but with the U.S. House that did not impeach Harry Truman.

It is time for Uncle Sam's nephews to grow up and take responsibility for their own affairs. We shall be lucky to save our own country from the ethnic and social conflicts that are turning major cities into miniature Bosnias.

Meanwhile in Europe, General Lucius Clay was insisting that a determined military resistance to the Berlin blockade would bring the Russians swiftly to their knees. But Truman had no taste for a real war, and his successors have, ever since, preferred to fight with surrogates, to bomb Third World countries, and to fund insurrections that have cost untold lives in Africa and Central America. By now, the very term "freedom fighter" ought to sicken an honest American, no matter what his politics.

If the hot warriors in uniform were a different breed from the cold warriors in striped pants, there is another party at the other end of the spectrum, men who knew the Soviets for what they were but who refused to enlist in a global crusade, whether hot or cold. The prototype for the pragmatists may have been Truman's Secretary of State, James F. Byrnes. Often regarded as an appeaser, Byrnes was a South Carolina conservative who loathed everything he knew about communism. He had been a major figure in the Democratic Party, and many had assumed that he would replace Henry Wallace as FDR's Vice President. As it turned out, "Mr. Jimmie" was too conservative for the leftists who ran FDR and chose, instead, a harmless machine politician from Missouri. Unlike Truman, Byrnes had a mind of his own, and even when conducting the most important business with the Russians, he kept his President in the dark.

Considering the President, how could he not? He had known Truman since the little haberdasher entered the Senate, and to know Harry was to despise or, if you were his friend, patronize him. Intelligent foreigners could not get over the fact that such a little man could be the leader of the most powerful nation on earth. Evelyn Waugh, who did not know him, found Truman "a wholly comic man," and Malcolm Muggeridge, who did, describes his reelection as a "really comical turn of events. Thought of the little man, as I remembered him, so utterly asinine . . . and how inconceivably funny it was that he should have been voluntarily chosen, against enormous odds. . . ."

Jimmie Byrnes knew how to be tough on the U.S.S.R. with-

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out entering upon a war, either hot or cold. In his dealings with the Russians, he made Yalta a dead letter, and already in 1946 he was saying that the Germans ought to be put in charge of their own affairs. Because he was willing to deal with the Russians without tipping his hand to either the President or his subordinates, Byrnes was often thought to be either an appeaser or a prima donna. George Kennan, who was irritated with the secretary's aloofness in Moscow, began to think deeply about the proper American response to the Soviets. Both in his famous telegram and in his more famous "Mr. X" article, Kennan outlined a strategy for containing Soviet aggression, a combination of hard realism in dealing with the Soviets and a rebirth of American idealism.

Unfortunately, the effect of Kennan's warnings was greater than he anticipated. Kennan's hope was that the United States, in opposing communist aggression, would help to put the European countries back on their feet, with the ultimate goal of making them independent of American military aid. What actually happened was the creation of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization.

Kennan was present at the working group sessions where NATO was born, but one member of the British team, Sir Nicholas Henderson (in his memoir *The Birth of NATO*), recalled Kennan's participation as largely negative and critical. In their zeal for world order, the American leadership pushed aside Kennan's vision of a vigorous and independent Europe as antiquated. NATO's court historian (Don Cook), conceding that "Kennan had one of the best and most stimulating minds ever enlisted by the U.S. Foreign Service," goes on to criticize his "nineteenth-century concept of the future of Europe—a view, incidentally, that was shared by General Charles de Gaulle. It was to be a Europe standing on its own feet, sorting out its own affairs, its Iron Curtain divide gradually giving way to a Pan-European understanding, with America intervening only from a distance to maintain peace and the balance of power, the kind of role that England had played for two centuries."

But other heads prevailed—the same heads that were declaring the Constitution an outmoded document—and NATO would become a collective security organization presided over by one dominant power with a virtual veto power. The Spartans had called their own hegemony "Sparta and its Allies," and it was in that sense that Britain and France entered into alliance with the United States. Kennan resigned from the Foreign Service, and the voice of pragmatism was stilled by impotence as surely as the voices of isolation had been silenced by persecution.

The test came early, in the Suez Crisis of 1956. When the French and the British attempted to respond in force to the closure of the canal, they were sternly rebuked by the United States. The British were willing to accept their new role as very junior partners in an Anglo-American enterprise, but the French—being, after all, French—sulked and eventually withdrew from NATO. To this day, the French preserve more of their national dignity than Britain—look how M. Balladur beat us down in the GATT talks—and for all their problems, they continue to display a more robust sense of national identity than most European nations.

Musing Toward Grasmere

by Marion Montgomery

Outside, in the valley of the Kent
Below Kendal, the insistent light comes
Sweeping, rolling green downhill more rapidly
Than the starting sheep can reckon.
Moving,
Stopping under the willful clouds, white lambs
Cry the May air. Like orphaned drifts of mist
They plead the summer's mercy and their mothers'.
High in Two, White Cottage, Natland, I watch
A fine rain soften the dry-stone walls
On Natland Hall Farm.
Here names magnify,
A gift of anxious mind to the things in time's clutch,
History's long hold on the steep mountains.
The green swells, the breath of suspirus earth,
Natland Hall Farm.
Across the cobble road
Monks sang on damp mornings when the green came
Enriching Furness Abbey, their smoke rising
To praise God's light for labor.
Old days
Remembered, lichen and moss, stone-hinged fields,
Where May steadied the praise-full eye:
Stones greening, blossoming mist, song rising
Through the turning, the always turning years.

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Britain, on the other hand, was one of the great casualties of the Cold War. Churchill's dream, long before the speech in Fulton, where he declared the Cold War, had been of a union of English-speaking nations. Practically, this would have meant putting American men and resources at the disposal of the Commonwealth. Americans might not enjoy the implications, but such a union could have had a civilizing influence on the United States as much as it would have reinvigorated the languishing virility of the English. What happened, instead, was that the United Kingdom was reduced to dependency on her former colonies, and while Mrs. Thatcher might, from time to time, find the means to overawe her less forceful American counterparts, the overall effect has been to turn Britain into a sulky and resentful colony of the United States.

Common sense tells us that enough is enough. We do not need another set of Fourteen Points or another Atlantic Charter or, God help us all, a New World Order. What we do need, however, is a clear sense of purpose and priorities. The first priority, dwarfing all others, should be to defend the security and interest of the American nation, and the second—if I am not being blasphemous—is like unto it, that we should allow—or even compel—the nations of Europe to look after their own interests without consulting us.

I am not sure that Britain is ready for such freedom. Last fall, British public opinion was thrown into a panic by reports that America was, in effect, getting a divorce from the Anglo-American marriage. In an interview with the *Washington Post*, President Clinton tried to pin the blame for the Bosnian mess on England and France for refusing to go along with his plan to lift the embargo against Bosnian Muslims. Warren Christopher went further, and like an earlier Christopher (namely, Columbus), the secretary discovered that Europe is no longer the center of the world. The special relationship, declared Secretary Christopher, was over.

The English political class reacted like a jilted lover to the latest shift in Clinton's lurching and reeling foreign policy. The pathos requires a Browning at least: "All's over then. Does truth sound bitter as one at first believes?" Over here in prosaic America, no one noticed. The *Post*'s stories were not picked up by other major newspapers, and among the many blunders with which President Clinton was taxed, his petulant outburst against the European allies has gone unnoticed.

There was another reason for American indifference to the President's remarks. We were too busy celebrating the release of a helicopter pilot captured in Somalia. Inevitably described as a "hostage" rather than a prisoner of war, Michael Durant was the object of parades, prayer vigils, and presidential speeches throughout his captivity. In fact, every American casualty in Somalia was front-page news and an occasion for much soul-searching. Is this the stuff of empire?

I wish I could say that the new isolationism in the United States is only the reemergence of an old American tradition that stretches back to George Washington. It is that, of course, but it is also the manifestation of weakness. It is one thing to carpet-bomb an Iraqi village or machine-gun a crowd of civilians in Mogadishu, but quite another when American troops are actually fired upon. Don't count on us.

Then again, why should they? Singly, the major nations of Europe are important world powers. In alliance, they might constitute *the* major power, politically as well as economically. As usual, Secretary Christopher is wrong. Europe is, now more than ever, the dominant area of the world.

The nations of Europe have sat in America's shade for too long. Ever since Anthony Eden's humiliating failure in the Suez crisis, Britain has been the lapdog of the U.S. State Department, but when I raise the subject with English journalists, they ask, beseechingly, "Who will save us from the Germans?" If their fate is really in our hands, my advice is to start learning the words to "*Deutschland Über Alles*."

It is time for Uncle Sam's nephews to grow up and take responsibility for their own affairs. We shall be lucky to save our own country from the ethnic and social conflicts that are turning major cities into miniature Bosnias. We cannot save the world. American isolation may be inevitable, now that the Soviet threat no longer justifies our world empire. But the liberation of America's colonies should be the occasion not of estrangement but of a new special relationship based on mutual respect and common ground rather than the servility and dependency that marked Britain's side of the Cold War alliance. The United States only makes sense as a cultural province of Europe, and we are indebted to Britain for our laws and Constitution, our literature and our language. American history has no meaning except as a continuation of England's story.

The real threat to the special relationship does not come from American isolationists but from internationalists who, like Mr. Christopher, would like to jettison our "Eurocentric" prejudices and make Washington the seat of world government. When the internationalists—Presidents Wilson, Roosevelt, and Johnson—drag the United States into war, it is always the isolationists who are willing to honor commitments and fight the battles. In 1917, William Jennings Bryan, who had resigned from the Cabinet to protest the President's support for England, offered his services as soon as the United States entered the war. At the same time, our greatest isolationist poet, Robinson Jeffers, volunteered for the balloon corps. Jeffers and Bryan hated war, but they loved Britain as their ancestral and spiritual home.

The growing indifference to Britain, here in the United States, is due less to isolationism than to the low level of our education. English history is almost never taught below the university level, and even in universities it is rarely studied. English literature fares hardly any better. In many colleges there are more courses in Irish than in English literature, and an American lawyer is fortunate if he can boast of reading one play of Shakespeare and one Dickens novel. As for European languages, hardly anyone here can read, much less speak, a second language. In the current state of American education, it is small wonder if our universities are flooded with Chinese scientists, our magazines run by expatriate Englishmen. For most Americans, including well-to-do Americans with advanced degrees, Europe exists only as a sprawling Disney World of ancient cathedrals and modern hotels connected by an umbilical cord of tour buses.

Two years ago I took my daughter to London. At the Tower, one of the warders asked if there were any Americans present. Looking out at the show of hands, he bellowed out, "Welcome home." My first reaction, as I looked at the Central and Southern Europeans with their hands up, was skeptical. How could they possibly regard England as home? On second thought, the warder was right, and wherever the ancestors of our mongrel race came from, we must be artificial Englishmen if we wish to go on being American, and if we wish ever to be free ourselves, we must begin by liberating our colonies. ‹C›

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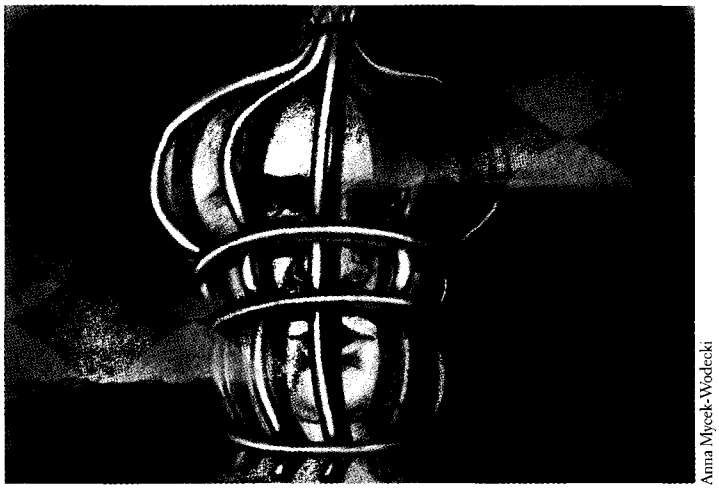
The Burden of Russian History

by W. Bruce Lincoln



Anna Mycek-Wodecki

Political visions gone awry cannot alone account for the crises that threaten to engulf the Russians as they approach the 21st century. As they once again grapple with the dilemmas of backwardness that have plagued them for so long, Russian policymakers must continue to struggle against a thousand years of history, almost all of which point away from democracy and offer little precedent for building a nation ruled by law. Modern-day Russia's defects are legion. Looked at in historical perspective, they form a crushing burden that no Russian leader has yet managed to overcome.

The corruption that cripples Russia from top to bottom today has antecedents dating back to at least the 15th century, when high officials "fed"—to use the old Russian term—upon the people they governed in the czar's name. When Russia developed more Western forms of government 250 years later, "feeding" took on new and more modern forms that led one of Peter the Great's favorites to confess (at the beginning of the 18th century) that "we all steal, but some of us do so on a bigger scale than others." That crude truth has run like a red thread through Russia's history ever since. The Bolshevik Revolution of 1917 merely gave some of the nation's workers and peasants access to the long-standing perquisites of their fallen rulers.

No matter how firmly Marxist-Leninist ideology insisted that the People owned the means of production, Soviet citizens divided their everyday world into "them" and "us" and had no compunctions about stealing from the former to satisfy their needs, wants, comforts, or greed. The quantities of meat sold out the back door of restaurants, merchandise stolen from store shelves, and spare parts pilfered from the workplace led Stephen Cohen in the mid-1980's to estimate that at least 15 percent of the Soviet GNP was generated by the Black Market, or, as the Russians say, *na levo*, "on the left." The legalization of small-scale private enterprise during the year or two before the Soviet Union collapsed pushed that percentage much higher. In an economy where the demand for goods and services exceeded regular sources of supply, planners during the last days of the Gorbachev era could not allocate enough raw materials to satisfy the needs of this new private sector without gutting the sources that supplied vital state industries. When soaring demand exhausted the quantities of resources set aside for private enterprises, supplements pilfered from the workplace became the main additional source of supply.

The pervasive unconcern of bureaucrats at all levels of national life has stirred deep cynicism throughout Russia's modern history. "What will happen if the Soviet Union takes over the Middle East?" one Russian asked—only half in jest—in 1973. The answer in those days: "No one knows, but in 25 years there will be a shortage of sand!" During the Gorbachev era, latter-day Soviet humorists defined capitalism as "the exploitation of man by man." "Under socialism," they added with the same bitter cynicism, "the process is entirely the other way around."

Nowadays, such cynicism continues to isolate ordinary Russians from their government and the infrastructure of the communities in which they live. Because national prestige and national interest did not engage the attention of the average man or woman on the street during the Soviet era, most Russians dismissed their leaders' actions in the international arena as *politika*, a process of which they did not feel a part and with which they had little concern.

Because rulers and officials have traditionally dominated the nation's political process, the Russians have also expected them to take responsibility for problems that are dealt with by local communities in more democratic societies. For centuries Russia's leaders and officials have seen the people, their lives, and their property as a national resource for carrying out policies that have been decided upon far away from the people and places to which they were destined to apply.

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The monolithic Bolshevik Party that emerged from the chaos of Russia's revolution and civil war monopolized politics and defined the Soviet Union's course. The party did not follow popularly approved policies, nor did it pursue popularly chosen goals. And, since the party set the course, it also took the credit. The party—the party of Lenin—implemented collectivization at the end of the 1920's, launched a crash program of industrialization in the 1930's, defeated the armies of fascist Germany in the 1940's, rebuilt the Soviet Union in the 1950's, and led the way into outer space in the 1960's.

Especially during the Stalin era, the all-knowing, all-seeing party imposed its will from above. Elevated and isolated, it required neither citizens' participation in shaping policy nor their consent for carrying it out. The people identified the party with "them," and a whole world of material shortages and spiritual deprivation stood between "them" and "us" in the experience of the average Soviet man or woman. The instruments of political authority that were so frequently exercised in an abusive, tyrannical fashion were held by "them." Because "they" could ruin the average Russian with a word or a telephone call, the politics of survival dictated that "we" ought to attract as little notice from "them" as possible.

In the 1930's, the party's absolute authority enabled it to change direction at will in the name of following the policies envisioned by Lenin and interpreted by Stalin. Always, the party remained the constant in a system that had no effective way of replacing its leaders short of death or disgrace, and one sees the remnants of this dark heritage in the arrests of Rutskoi and Khasbulatov for opposing Yeltsin's illegal dissolution of parliament. In the old days, the party claimed to know the best way to build communism, and it became its task to set the Soviet Union back on course whenever the deviations of misguided, discredited leaders (according to the party's later explanations) put it onto the wrong path. The party therefore required dutiful, obedient subjects. It did not want responsible, politically active citizens.

Such absolutism denied most Soviet citizens a part in the political processes of their nation and freed them from taking any personal responsibility for the shortcomings of Soviet life. But Yeltsin's destruction of the party means that average Russians must accept some of the blame for the crises that now beset them, and they are therefore seeking to resurrect old scapegoats and find new ones. That is a major reason for the wave of anti-Semitism now sweeping across a land in which more violence was directed against Jews during the century before the Holocaust than in any other country in the Western world.

Although Jews are the most obvious scapegoats in Russia's historical experience, they are by no means the only ones. Other nationalities now blame the Russians for the abuse they endured as subjects of the Russian Empire and the Soviet Union, and antagonisms that have deep historical roots lie beneath the wave of anti-Russian sentiment that is rising in the newly independent states to Russia's south and west.

Because too many of these peoples have defined themselves in terms of standing against something, some group, or some one, conflict lies at the very root of their self-image. Christian Armenians have never cared for Muslim Azeris, and they have also had their differences with Christian Georgians and Muslim Turks. That dislike is heartily reciprocated, just as it is among scores of other groups who live within Russia and along its borders. Nor are the Russians themselves without the stain of gross intolerance, for they have rarely treated any of the nationalities who came under their control very well. The ethnic and religious conflicts stemming from this mistreatment have only grown more bitter with time. Today, Russia almost certainly is a more explosive powder keg of nationality conflicts than any of its former political rivals.

In the West, statesmen, officials, and presidents all have to answer to their nations' citizens for their failures, but the matter of fixing—and accepting—responsibility remains far more difficult to resolve in Russia. Without the respect for the law that a society in which men and women are expected to take responsibility for themselves and their communities engenders, the question of assigning responsibility continues to be confused by the phenomenon of absolute power arbitrarily applied from above. The Russians call this *proizvol*, and it has been a part of their history since the Middle Ages.

During the days when czars ruled the lands of Muscovy, their subjects looked to Moscow for rewards and favors, just as they looked to St. Petersburg when Russia's emperors and empresses began to rule from the new capital that Peter the Great built as a "Window on the West." Soviet citizens viewed Moscow in similar terms from the moment Lenin established his revolutionary government there in 1918. A phone call from Moscow—even the rumor of such a call—could raise Soviet citizens to unexpected heights, just as it could destroy careers, shatter dreams, and send loyal men and women to prison. Law always held a lesser place in such transactions. Not the force of law impartially applied, but *proizvol*—the arbitrary authority that party officials applied in a capricious manner—shaped Soviet citizens' lives between 1917 and 1991. It is unsurprising that Yeltsin had no compunctions about attacking the Russian parliament in October, or that there is widespread support for Zhirinovsky's call to hold the law in contempt in order to restore the Russian Empire.

Throughout much of their history the Russians have thought it right, proper, and even preferable for the law to take second place to the arbitrary authority of rulers and officials. Between 1648 and 1830, the Russians had no up-to-date corpus of written law to which they could refer, and the true law therefore became what the men and women who wielded power declared it to be. *Proizvol* tempered by tradition and the needs of the moment thus assumed the force of law in the minds of men and women whose history had conditioned them to obey authority imposed from above.

Even after the Great Reforms of the 1860's made it possible to argue the law in the courts of the Russian Empire, the popular mind continued to look to the emperor to make exceptions for anyone who found the law's restrictions inconvenient. At the beginning of the 20th century, the emperor's personal chancellery received 70,000 petitions every year, each of which began with the apology that, "had it been permissible under the law, I should never have taken it upon myself to trouble His Imperial Majesty." Russians thus looked to their emperor to act outside the law right up until the February Revolution of 1917.

The Bolshevik Revolution of October 1917 destroyed the traditions that had limited the use of *proizvol* to deal with such cases in centuries past. Because a word or a gesture by the right person at the right time in the right place could offset a lifetime of frustration and failure, hopeful Soviet men and women looked for the magic connection—the elusive single contact—that would elevate them above their comrades and open wide the doors to success. Every ambitious Russian therefore looked

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for a patron, a protector whose arbitrary intervention could make right the injustices that the Soviet system arbitrarily imposed. Now, it is not hard to imagine Russians taking that view one step further and seeing in Zhirinovsky the protector whose capricious use of power can redress the loss of prestige that their nation has suffered in the international arena since the beginning of the Gorbachev era.

Although the capricious poison of *proizvol* infected Soviet life at every level, it served as a vital safety valve in a society in which all men and women found themselves at the mercy of their rulers. The Soviet system thus permitted each and every one of its people to exercise a measure of *proizvol* in some way at some point: waiters could refuse to seat customers in a restaurant full of empty tables, taxi drivers could refuse to pick up passengers at a taxi stand, and cloakroom attendants could refuse to hang up visitors' coats, thereby denying them access to the officials or offices that the building contained—all were parts of that process. In that way, the most humble Soviet man or woman could find some compensation (or revenge) for the *proizvol* that the system inflicted upon him or her.

While Europeans were experiencing the Industrial Revolution during the first two-thirds of the 19th century, modernization and progress in Russia remained the responsibility of a government that assumed the obligation to provide the services needed by dependent subjects living in the modern world. Partly to escape that burden in the 1860's, the Emperor Alexander II and a handful of enlightened officials implemented the Great Reforms that attempted to limit *proizvol*, guide Russia along the path taken by the West, and bring a true society of citizens into being. As the Russians began to develop a sense of their collective destiny during this so-called Great Reform era, they began to put nation ahead of sovereign for the first time in their history. By the early years of the 20th century, "Russia" and "czar" had ceased to be synonymous in the minds of Russians, and larger numbers of them were beginning to envision a future shaped by precepts that stood at odds with those embraced by their sovereign.

Men and women who thought of themselves as citizens first and loyal subjects second also resisted the monolithic politics of the Bolsheviks in 1917 and were driven into exile or killed during the Civil War of 1918-1921. Without them, the Soviet Union that took shape in 1922 was no more able to create a citizen society than had been the Muscovites whom Peter the Great had driven into the modern world 200 years before. Peter's Muscovites could not even imagine a world in which they would accept civic responsibility; Soviet men and women of the 1920's and 1930's simply surrendered their newly acquired responsibilities as citizens to the Bolshevik Party.

When Peter the Great set out to transform Russia into a great power at the beginning of the 18th century, he took the science and technology needed to do so from the West. Europeans occupied key positions in Russia throughout the 18th and 19th centuries, and later on, Americans joined them in building Russia's railroads, opening up her natural resources, and developing her industry. Major George Whistler, father of the famous painter and builder of the Baltimore and Ohio and Western Massachusetts railways, helped to build Russia's first railroads; the Englishman John Hughes developed Krivoi Rog and the Donbass; and Sweden's Alfred Nobel played a major part in bringing the Baku oil fields into production.

Such Western advisors brought not only advanced technology but new ideas that threatened the survival of Russia's autocratic government. Whether Peter's successors thought of their empire as part of the West (as did Catherine the Great and Alexander I) or apart from it (as did most of their successors), all agreed that Russians' access to the West had to be limited by censorship, secret police, and the widespread restriction of civil rights. The main justification for this policy was to maintain the military strength that made Russia one of Europe's greatest powers, and all other considerations had to be subordinated to that end.

Because Russia has never had any claim to great power status other than her military might, her rulers have been more sensitive about minor defeats than have the leaders of the United States or the nations of Western Europe. The technological backwardness that the Soviet failure in Afghanistan demonstrated so conclusively therefore led Gorbachev to seek wider access to Western technology, just as Peter the Great had done at the beginning of the 18th century. Yet the forces of history and international politics that drove Gorbachev toward the West also created the problem that slowed his program for reform. In a country without a tradition of open political opposition, passive resistance by citizens who refused to change with the times imposed a powerful brake on progress. Like his predecessors, Gorbachev found that the Russians did not adapt easily to new political and economic courses. Now Yeltsin has learned that lesson too. Clearly, some of the votes that helped to win seats for the followers of Zhirinovsky and the former communists in Russia's recent election were cast to protest Yeltsin's readiness to ignore the social and economic pains that his policies are inflicting upon Russians.

During the three-quarters of the century in which they ruled Russia, Soviet planners' preference for short-range (and short-sighted) solutions to long-standing problems created a massive array of unresolved domestic crises that Russia now has to face. Substandard construction, mediocre health care, poor transport facilities, and ineffective institutions of local government all stand as major barriers to progress. The Armenian earthquake disaster was not merely a product of corrupt officials' efforts to grow rich by cutting corners on construction in a few cities. It marked the beginning of a vast future crisis stemming from an economic vision that emphasized present accomplishments (often for propaganda purposes) at the expense of long-term national well-being.

Anyone who has lived and worked in the old Soviet Union knows the terrifying dimensions of the construction crisis that threatens to overwhelm the Russians. Apartment and office buildings built without structural steel on crumbling foundations after World War II cannot be repaired but will have to be rebuilt. Subway tunnels that have been cut too close to street surfaces, highways without proper roadbeds, pipelines that have been improperly laid and shoddily welded, and scores of similar failings all compound a coming crisis, the ramifications of which have yet to be fully perceived. Beyond that, the nation which must rely entirely upon its military strength to maintain its status as a great power has yet to produce the full range of technology needed for the weapons that will shape the contours of warfare at the beginning of the 21st century, not to mention the fact that it lacks the facilities needed to turn the world's richest collection of natural resources into desperately needed manufactured goods. This is what makes Zhirinovsky's wild-eyed promises so popular with Russian listeners. Unable

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to develop effectively their own resources, it is easier for Russians to imagine seizing those that are already developed beyond their frontiers.

The leaders of a nation in which surgical patients suffer the highest rate of infection in the industrialized world, whose factories cannot produce effective contraceptives, and whose citizens endure a perpetual scarcity of soap—not to mention the widely reported shortages of fruits, vegetables, dairy products, and meat—will have to face difficult choices in establishing priorities for the years ahead. Survival must come first, but a struggle for survival has been a part of the Soviet experience ever since the Bolshevik Revolution. Indeed, the manner in which Soviet leaders approached that struggle helped to bring on the crisis Russians now face. Trying to survive until tomorrow, the Soviet Union's leaders lived too long for today. Now senseless pollution, wasted resources, a chronically unproductive labor force, and widespread contamination of the environment produced by more than half a century of Soviet recklessness threaten to overwhelm a country that has neither the wealth nor the technology to repair the damage.

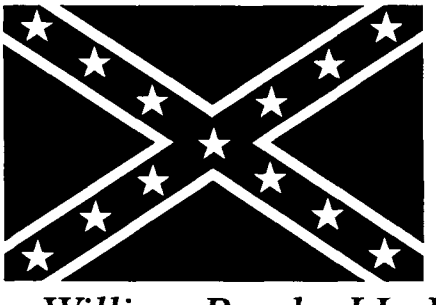
Although born and grown to middle age in a world of crisis, Russia's leaders in the years ahead will confront very different problems than they have in the past. Whether they, with a centuries-long tradition of information control, corruption, and bureaucratic bungling can engage the talents of a talented people on a truly national scale and educate them in the complex forms of modern-day communications and technology remains to be seen. It will require enormous energy, unprecedented ideological flexibility, and political genius to accomplish these tasks, and it is still not clear what groups in Russian society might carry them out.

How such a transformation will be accomplished—or if it will be accomplished, in fact—will shape the Russians' response to the massive tangle of problems that only now are beginning to appear. In centuries past, their response to similar crises has been to turn to the West for the technology needed to strengthen their defenses. Then, as soon as those borrowings made it feasible to do so, they sought to prevent the culture and political processes of the West from following the technology they had acquired. If the Russians do not escape the burden of their history, that pattern will repeat itself.

The shape of Russia's future therefore depends much less upon whether Yeltsin remains in office than on whether the arbitrary absolutism of *proizvol* can be made to give way to the lawful use of power. For that to happen, Russian men and women will have to become more involved in making the policy decisions that will shape their future. If the burden of their history prevents them from venturing into the minefields of democratic politics that the eradication of *proizvol* would create, Russia's leaders may turn once again to the course that has served them so poorly in the past. That would mean perpetuating *proizvol*, abdicating the civic responsibilities that Russian citizens are only now beginning to take up, and returning to Russia's long-standing pattern of crisis management and reform imposed from above. Looked at in the starkest terms, that is what Zhirinovsky's strong showing in Russia's recent election may indeed promise. If so, Russia of the 21st century will be what she has always been: a nation ruled from above by leaders who see their people as a national resource to be exploited for personal gain and international aggrandizement.

A VIEW OF THE CONSTITUTION

SECESSION



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By: William Rawle, LL. D.

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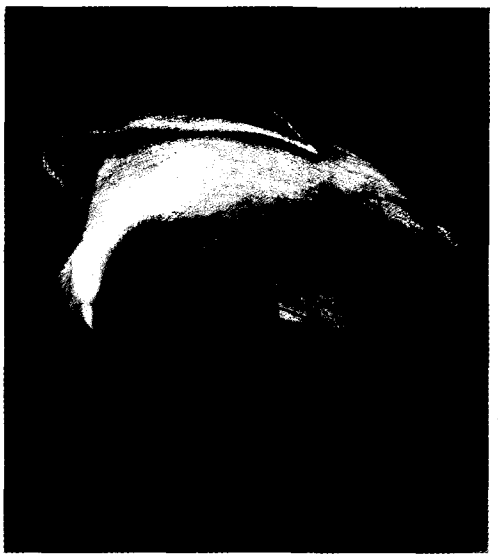
The Eunuchs of Yugoslavia

The United Nations and the Third Balkan War

by Curtis Cate



Anna Mycek-Wodecki

If there is one lesson we should have learned from the history of the past 90 years, it is that minor crises, unless promptly dealt with, almost invariably build up into major international disasters. This is not to say that such disasters are absolutely avoidable—that would be wishful thinking. But it is to say that an inclination to do nothing and to "let events take their course" simply inflates the magnitude of the subsequent catastrophe.

I write these lines with reference to what Branko Lazitch, one of France's foremost Sovietologists who is himself of Serbian origin, has aptly called the "Third Balkan War." The article in which he used this phrase (published in the June 1992 issue of the Paris monthly *Est & Ouest*) provided an incisive description and analysis of something experienced by Serbian leader Slobodan Miloshevitch during a visit to the historic battlefield of Kosovo on April 24, 1987, which hit him with the force of a Damascene revelation: the explosive potential of strident, xenophobic nationalism. This discovery, I might add, had already been made, more than 60 years before, by an Austrian-born demagogue named Adolf Hitler, who decided in the early 1930's that the "nationalism" inherent in National Socialism was a far more potent rabble-rousing force than its "socialist" ingredient, to which his chief rival in the party, Gregor Strasser, was more solidly committed.

It may sound absurd to compare two such dissimilar individuals as Hitler and Miloshevitch and the vastly different situations each had to cope with at a crucial moment in his career. But I personally believe that there are certain constants, or let us say propensities—for example, political cynicism or the gambler's instinct—which keep recurring in the course of human history and that, furthermore, what we have been witnessing recently in the Balkans, while in no way an exact replay of past events, has provided us with one more example of the spinelessness that the pampered countries of the West so often displayed toward the Soviet Union during the "Cold War" and the phony "détente" that prolonged it.

To understand how this could happen, and how a minor crisis, when not dealt with promptly, can develop into an international disaster, let us look back to the fateful 1930's. A key date in the turbulent history of this century was assuredly March 7, 1936. It might even be ranked in an honorable fourth or fifth place—behind June 28, 1914 (the assassination of Archduke Ferdinand of Austria); the November 7, 1917, revolutionary putsch of Lenin and his Bolsheviks; and the January 30, 1933, appointment of Adolf Hitler to the chancellorship of the Germanic Reich—as one of this century's decisive turning points. On that fateful day, Hitler, displaying the canny instinct that made him the most reckless (and for a long time the most successful) political gambler of this century, overruled the "pussyfooters" in the German general staff by ordering exactly three battalions to cross the river into the Rhineland—a sizable chunk of German territory extending like a "buffer zone" for several hundred miles along the borders of France, Luxembourg, Belgium, and Holland—which had been officially "demilitarized" by the terms of the Treaty of Versailles and the Locarno Pact of 1929. While the minister of defense, General Werner von Blomberg, spent an anxious day wringing his hands at the prospect of a prompt French reaction, which would have entailed an immediate, humiliating withdrawal of German soldiery, nothing happened, and over the next day or two the number of in-marching troops was gradually increased from three to 19 battalions. Hitler had won his gamble, consolidating his grip on the Third Reich.

The question that immediately arises is what would have happened if the French Army's chief of staff at this crucial moment had been not a spineless nonentity named Maurice Gamelin but, instead, a man of guts and character, like, let us

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Curtis Cate, a resident of Paris, is the author of The Ides of August, *devoted to the Berlin Wall crisis of 1961.*

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say, Charles de Gaulle (who was then only a colonel), Jean de Lattre de Tassigny, or Alphonse Juin. Part of the answer was provided at the postwar Nuremberg Trials by Alfred Jodl (one of the planners of the Rhineland operation in 1936): "Considering the position we were in, the French covering army could have blown us to pieces."

So much for the military certainty. But what of the political consequences? The answer, I believe, is that a number of senior German officers, still smarting from the June 30, 1934, murder by Nazi thugs of two of their leading generals (Kurt von Schleicher and Kurt von Bredow), would have decided that the time had come to get rid of that "dangerous madman" Adolf Hitler—something that would probably have plunged Germany into a civil war. Which, in view of what later happened, would almost certainly have been a godsend to Europe and the world.

My reason for thinking so is that something very similar came close to happening in September 1938, at the height of the Sudetenland crisis. As we now know, thanks to Peter Hoffmann's masterly *History of the General Resistance, 1933-1945* (1977)—a book that ought to be required reading for all present-day students of political science—in early September of that year a number of Germans, who were convinced that Hitler's announced intention of invading Czechoslovakia to "liberate" the captive German population of the Sudetenland would lead to a catastrophic war with France and Great Britain, made elaborate plans to storm the Reichschancellery, to seize and depose the *Führer* (some of the plotters intended to murder him on the spot), and to neutralize a number of key Gestapo and SS installations. The plot, which was to have gone into effect the day Hitler issued marching orders to his divisions, was no hastily thought-up, harebrained scheme, for the plotters included Franz Halder, the army's chief of staff; his deputy, Lt. General Karl-Heinz von Stülpnagel; Major General Erwin von Witzleben, who headed the Third Military District (including Berlin); the commander of the 23rd Potsdam Division, Walter von Brockdorff-Ahlefeldt; Admiral Wilhelm Canaris (head of Germany's secret services) and his fearless deputy, Colonel Hans Oster; the deputy head of the Berlin police force (Fritz-Dietlof von der Schulenburg); as well as a number of influential civilians, including the financier Hjalmar Schacht. The September 28 storming of the Reichschancellery, however, had to be cancelled at the very last moment when it was learned that Neville Chamberlain and Edouard Daladier, yielding to Mussolini's entreaties, had agreed to go to Munich to negotiate a "settlement" of the Sudeten-Czech crisis. As Nevile Henderson, the British ambassador in Berlin, wrote to his Foreign Office boss, Lord Halifax, on October 6, "in keeping the peace, we have saved Hitler and his regime."

Lucius Clay, that rare bird—a general with a profound understanding of geopolitics—drew from these crucial events of the 1930's a conclusion that, in my opinion, deserves to be called "Clay's Law": that an act of aggression or intended aggression, if not promptly faced and thwarted by an appropriate response, will simply encourage further acts of aggression, which may eventually require 10, 20, or even 50 times as much military effort to combat as would have been necessary at the outset. This was why, in June 1948, when Stalin decided to cut the Western allies' lifeline to Berlin on the specious grounds that a bridge on the Helmstedt-Potsdam Autobahn was in danger of "collapsing" and needed to be "repaired," Clay, suspecting that this was a piece of Soviet bluff, tried to persuade President Truman to let him run an armored train through to West Berlin. Unfortunately, Harry Truman, who was in the thick of an election campaign (which almost everyone expected him to lose) and who, to please American public opinion, had "brought the boys home" from Europe at far too fast a pace, felt that the risks were too great and rejected Clay's bold proposal.

General Clay never ceased to regret that decision, considering, I think rightly, that the Berlin airlift was a poor, *in extremis* substitute for his armored train proposal. For the airlift—undertaken, we should not forget, before NATO had been established—did not provide conclusive evidence of Uncle Sam's military resolve. The result, Clay used to argue, was the Soviet-planned invasion of South Korea, which plunged the United States into a bloody war.

I still vividly recall the evening in the late 1970's when, in the course of a television "talk show" here in Paris, I explained all this to Alfred Grosser, a highly intelligent professor of political science and one of France's leading authorities on Germany. "What?" he said, visibly surprised. "You mean to say that General Clay seriously believed that if he had been allowed to run an armored train through to Berlin in 1948, there would not have been a Korean War in 1950?" "Yes," I said, "that was General Clay's firm conviction, and I know it because he told me so himself."

Now what, the indulgent reader may be wondering, has this got to do with the dreadful, present-day mess in Yugoslavia? My answer—a great deal. For it is because a number of Western countries failed to act forcefully in the early stages of this crisis that it soon got completely out of hand, so much so indeed that the damage already done—800 mosques destroyed, to cite but one statistic—now seems beyond repair, opening psychological wounds that will take decades to heal.

Though the countries of Western Europe are primarily culpable, it must be acknowledged that the Yugoslav "mess" was fatally aggravated by serious errors committed by George Bush. The first error was the casual manner in which he put a premature end to the Allied *Blitzkrieg* in Iraq by preventing General Schwarzkopf and the British and French commanders from completing the rout of Saddam Hussein's forces and seizing the port city of Basra. This error of judgment can be compared to Eisenhower's mistake in not allowing Allied forces to cross the Elbe and enter Berlin in April 1945 (despite Churchill's pleas), an error compounded a couple of months later by Harry Truman in ordering American forces to evacuate the Saxon heartland that had been overrun by Patton's divisions without obtaining in exchange iron-clad guarantees concerning Allied access routes to Berlin. Basra, as anyone could see by glancing at a map, was the trump card you do not throw away if you really want to win the game and get rid of a dangerous aggressor. For if the Iraqi officer corps had been bluntly made to understand that Basra would not be returned to their country until they got rid of Saddam Hussein, they would have been forced to act. As it is, Saddam Hussein is still in power, and the United Nations seems powerless to do much about it—a lesson not lost upon another international mischief-maker, Slobodan Miloshevitch.

George Bush's second major error was to trumpet the victory in the Gulf War as though it had opened a new chapter in human history, a "New World Order." So much has been written in the pages of this magazine to deflate this fatuous notion

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that there is no need for me to belabor the point. But it has had and will continue to have a nefarious bearing on events in Yugoslavia in fostering the illusion that this was a problem the United Nations and the United Nations *alone* was equipped to deal with. It was a piece of naive foolishness to believe that the United Nations—an organization which (despite Chapter 7 of its charter) has been unable in 48 years to form a standing army, which is chronically bankrupt and institutionally paralyzed, and which, as Charles Krauthammer aptly put it in a *Time* essay last July, has "become the all-purpose ambulance service for bleeding countries"—could tackle such a major *European* problem. Only too often this fatuous idea has been used by European politicians—let us not talk of "statesmen," a dying species in this age of mediocrity—as a convenient excuse for shirking their responsibilities, this time by simply dumping the irksome problem of the Third Balkan War into the "lap of the U.N."

But Bush and the United States are not the only guilty parties. Shortly after the siege of Dubrovnik had begun, Bernard Kouchner, the founder of two French medical-aid associations—*Médecins sans Frontières* and *Médecins du Monde*—made a quick trip to the scene. On his return to Paris, as minister responsible for humanitarian affairs, he went to see President Mitterrand and urged him to send French warships to the Adriatic to break the Dubrovnik siege. But François Mitterrand, who had already distinguished himself during the Gulf crisis by doing everything he could to *avert* a military showdown—if Saddam Hussein had been cleverer and had accepted one of Mitterrand's olive branches, he might even have been able to scuttle "Desert Storm" before it hit him—showed that a slinking leopard does not change its spots. He rejected Kouchner's "risky" proposal. Instead—and it must be added that in England Prime Minister John Major and Foreign Secretary Douglas Hurd were equally obtuse—he chose the far riskier course of placing thousands of French troops, armed to the teeth but with orders not to use them (the arms, not the teeth), at the disposal of the United Nations in various parts of wartorn Yugoslavia. This was the ultimate madness—but a magnificent, largely symbolic gesture intended to reassure the world that France was doing more than its "little bit," that it was still the generous, courageous France of Victor Hugo, or for that matter—not for nothing is Monsieur Mitterrand a Socialist—the peace-loving France of Léon Blum (who, in April 1936, wrote an article praising his countrymen for their unilateral inertia during the Rhineland crisis, in the name—need I add?—of "collective security").

I say the ultimate madness because soldiers are normally trained to fight. This is their *raison d'être*. They are not usually trained *not* to fight—any more than policemen are trained not to use their pistols, if necessary. To force them to do the opposite of what they are supposedly trained to do is to expose them to endless ridicule. It is simply a perversion of the military ethos, one more symptom of that *Umwertung der Werte*, of that "inversion of values" (as Nietzsche called it), which has become one of the pathetic hallmarks of our times.

What do soldiers do when they find themselves placed in such an intolerable situation? The answer is that, in the name of common sense, they ignore or exceed their crippling mandates, which is more or less what Admiral Jonathan Howe did in Somalia in ordering his U.N. troops to go after the chief troublemaker; or else, like General Philippe Morillon in Sarajevo and elsewhere, they "blow their stacks" and tear their hair in permanent frustration.

Far be it from me to claim that the French, British, and other troops sent out to "keep the peace" in various parts of Yugoslavia have achieved nothing. In some cases—that of Mostar, for example, whose Moslem inhabitants were literally being starved as well as shot to death by their Croat oppressors—the local inhabitants have clung to U.N. relief columns as a drowning man clings to a log. But the fact remains that only too often the "Do not open or return fire" instructions under which they are forced to operate have made them look like impotent sissies, confirming the impression that the "powers" they represent, and by whom they were trained and armed, are simply paper tigers.

Let me cite one example (among hundreds) that graphically illustrates this macabre truth. One day last August, Patrick de Saint-Exupéry, who has been covering the Third Balkan War for the *Figaro*, visited the Sarajevo suburb of Gobijta Glava to check on the French soldiers of the 21st Marine Infantry Regiment. A sergeant major, who had been assigned the job of "protecting" the suburb's 5,000 inhabitants, told him that shortly after his arrival, while he was making the rounds with some of his men, several shots were fired from a few hundred yards away, seriously wounding two little girls who were playing in the street. They were promptly rushed in an armored car to a hospital in Sarajevo. The sergeant was so enraged that he had a message sent to the Serbian snipers (well armed with telescopic rifles) saying that from now on the soldiers under his command were going to walk around in the midst of the local population and that if the sniping continued, the French would be obliged to return the fire. The Serbs immediately protested to the local U.N. headquarters, saying that they were going to shell the suburbs unless the French marines were withdrawn. Instead, the French returned the next day with armored cars, and as long as they were present, there was no more sniping.

If, as the sergeant realized, the two little girls had been so callously shot down, it was not because the Serbian snipers were sadists. What they wanted to find out was how the French soldiers on the spot were going to react. In short—and I do not believe that the comparison is too farfetched—they were behaving as Adolf Hitler did in March 1936.

There is, obviously, no easy way out of this dreadful dilemma. No one knows this better than Jean-François Deniau, one of the few French deputies for whom I feel a genuine respect. (A tireless, globe-trotting supporter of oppressed peoples, he once trekked his way over 12,000-foot mountain passes into Afghanistan and, at the age of 54, suffered a heart attack as a result.) Deniau, who was one of the first French "hawks" to urge a swift aerial take-out of the Serbian artillery batteries that were pounding Sarajevo, was also one of the first French politicians to realize into what a fatal trap his government had inadvertently walked, in the name of "international solidarity" and "humanitarian good will," by dispatching so many French troops to "keep the peace" in Yugoslavia. Since they are not supposed to shoot back unless directly fired upon, and since they are outgunned on the ground, they have in fact become "hostages" on whom the Serbs, or for that matter the Croats, can open fire any time they choose to deter the government in Paris from taking a tough line or advocating the use of force. This might be called "deterrence in reverse"—the punishment meted out to those who

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began by gutlessly abandoning the cardinal principle on which NATO was founded.

The point has been forcefully made by one of France's most brilliant "young philosophers," Bernard-Henri Lévy. The reason why NATO was for many years so successful in defending Western Europe is that it was built around the concept of deterrence. Any aggressive Soviet move across the Iron Curtain was certain to involve what John Foster Dulles once called "massive retaliation." But, Lévy points out, from the very start of the turmoil in Yugoslavia, the Western allies tacitly abandoned the philosophy of deterrence, letting Slobodan Miloshevitch know that no matter what happened, the West was not going to get involved militarily, it was not going to use the formidable weapons at its disposal. Politically, and one might even say morally, it willfully disarmed itself. Manfred Wörner, who was an able West German defense minister before becoming secretary-general of NATO, has frequently made this point in talking with journalists. Almost from the beginning of the turmoil in Yugoslavia, NATO had 65,000 men capable of intervening, but, alas, "the political will to use them was lacking."

In an article published in the weekly *Le Point* some months ago, Jean-François Revel reminded his readers that the Yugoslav embroglio belonged to that category of problems for which, as Bertrand de Jouvenel (in *Du Pouvoir*) observed, there are rickety arrangements but never real solutions. "For example, the six hundred thousand Serbs living in Croatia can neither accept Croatian domination, nor emigrate, for they are too numerous. Nor can they establish an independent state, for they are too few. By the same token, cutting up tiny Bosnia into ten even tinier portions in order to encourage peaceful relations between Serbs, Croatians, and Moslems is a cartographer's dream, not a political solution." But, having said this, Revel was also careful to add, quoting from a book on Yugoslavia written by the Belgian diplomat Henry Wynaendts: "'All the organizations in the civilized world have been involved in the Yugoslav affair: the European Community, the C.S.C.E., the High Commission for Refugees, the Red Cross, the Human Rights Commission, the G7, NATO and the West European Union, the United Nations.' All they did was aggravate the chaos. In order to solve the unsolvable, there remains, unfortunately, only force. And if force does not come from outside, it will come from the strongest on the inside."

This will not, of course, necessarily ensure peace. Probably the contrary. In the meantime, Slobodan Miloshevitch has ruined his country economically, disgraced it morally, and started a blaze which—in accordance with "Clay's Law"—will take more than verbal condemnations, empty threats, and hypocritical "peace plans" to extinguish.

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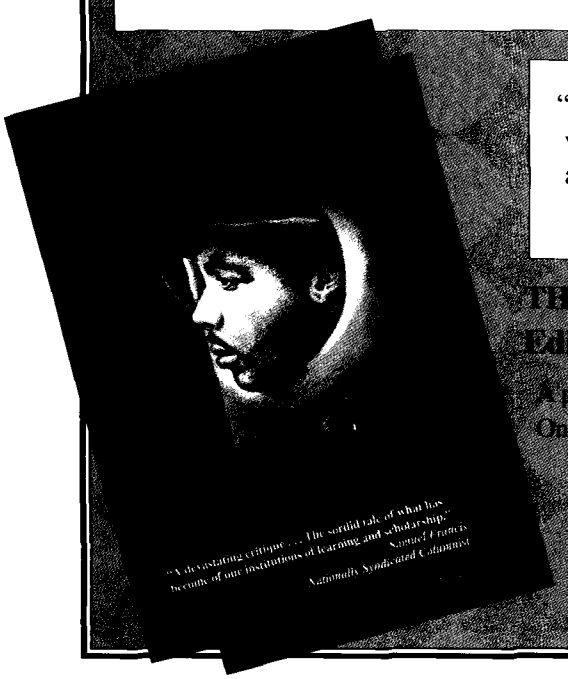

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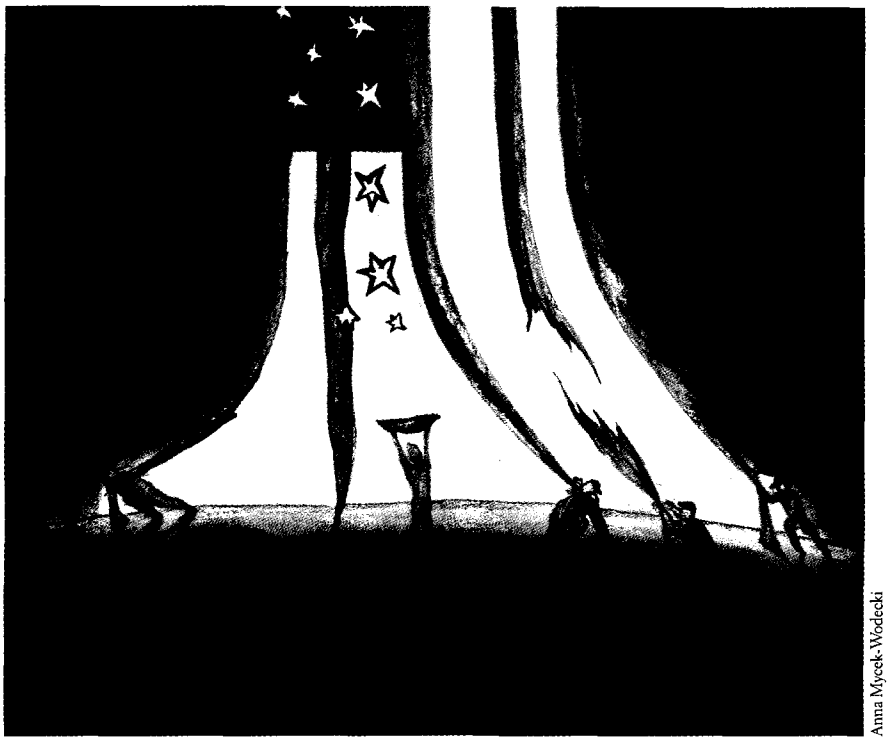
The Grass in American Streets

Reassessing the Smoot-Hawley Tariff

by Alfred E. Eckes



Anna Mycek-Wodecki

During his debate with Citizen Perot, Vice President Al Gore joined a distinguished list of misinformed public officials when he bashed the Smoot-Hawley Tariff. Senator Reed Smoot and Congressman Willis Hawley "raised tariffs," Gore said, "and it was one of the principle causes . . . of the Great Depression." Predictably, the national press jumped with joy. Claiming the "famous tariff lives on in the annals of invincible ignorance," the *Wall Street Journal* recalled that Smoot and Hawley "represented a brand of dumb and reactionary Republicanism that consigned the party to also-ran oblivion." *Business Week* assailed the Smoot-Hawley Tariff for "triggering the Great Depression and paving the way for World War II."

In recycling old Smoot-Hawley stories, Gore and the *Wall Street Journal* demonstrated slavish devotion to the conventional wisdom. But historians know that the conventional wisdom is often wrong, as it is about Smoot-Hawley, and for two generations, the mythmakers have spun a poignant tale of misdeeds and mistakes. In June 1930, the story goes, over the advice of 1,000 economists, President Herbert Hoover signed into law the Smoot-Hawley Tariff, containing the highest protective duties in American history. Smoot-Hawley, they claim, shook the stock market, exacerbated the Great Depression, and provoked foreign protests and retaliation. In succumbing to shortsighted economic nationalism, the United States wrecked the international trading system and paved the way for Nazi political victories and Japanese conquests.

Attacked from all directions, Smoot-Hawley became—like Pearl Harbor, Yalta, and Vietnam—a metaphor for public policy failure. National leaders from Franklin Roosevelt to Ronald Reagan, George Bush, and now Al Gore have invoked the "lessons" of Smoot-Hawley to warn against rising protectionism and impending trade wars, and textbook and editorial writers regularly condemn Smoot-Hawley and preach the perceived virtues of free trade. But this bugbear interpretation of "infamous" Smoot-Hawley rests on a foundation of fantasies and fabrications, not facts. Eager to slay protectionist dragons, politicians, journalists, and scholars have invented and perpetrated myths while blithely ignoring the historical record.

First, the Tariff Act of 1930 did not enact the highest tariff in American history. During the second half of 1930, after enactment of Smoot-Hawley, the average duty on all imports was 13.7 percent. This was certainly no record. From 1821 to 1914—for 94 consecutive years—the average tariff on all imports *always* exceeded the Smoot-Hawley level. Average duties on all imports peaked not in 1930, but a century earlier in 1830 at 57.32 percent.

To support the pervasive image of resurgent Smoot-Hawley

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protectionism, many writers focus on a single tariff number—the average duty on dutiable imports in 1932. This figure was indeed 59.1 percent, and it was in fact one of the higher dutiable rates in American history. It was not the highest, however. In 1830 under the Tariff of Abominations, dutiable rates peaked at 61.69 percent.

Like supermarket tabloids headlining the latest exploits of Madonna or Lady Di, writers who magnify a single photo or statistic frequently miss the truly significant story. Congress did not *enact* this 59.1 percent duty in 1930 as part of the Smoot-Hawley legislation. This duty resulted later, when declining prices and tax increases on commodity imports in 1932 ratcheted up effective tariff levels.

This critical point warrants further explanation. Like previous tariffs, the 1930 act relied extensively on specific duties. Nearly half of Smoot-Hawley imports were taxed at specific rates—meaning at a fixed amount per quantity, like 20 cents per pound. Thus, as prices plunged during the Great Depression, the percentage equivalent of such specific duties soared. A 20-cent duty on an item worth $1.00 effectively becomes a 40-percent duty if the price falls to 50 cents per unit. Had prices remained constant, the U.S. Tariff Commission calculated that the Smoot-Hawley rates on dutiable items would have averaged 41.6 percent—certainly not a prohibitive tariff by historical standards. In fact, in 51 of the 94 years from 1821 to 1914 the average rate on dutiable imports exceeded that amount.

Thus, the two Republican legislators who coauthored the 1930 tariff—Senator Reed Smoot of Utah and Congressman Willis Hawley of Oregon—achieved notoriety because of circumstances beyond their control. Had Congress not approved a tariff bill in 1930, falling Depression-era prices would have ratcheted up existing duties under the 1922 tariff. Eager to discredit Ross Perot in any way possible, it is not difficult to imagine Vice President Gore combing the Library of Congress for a picture of two other obscure congressional leaders: Representative Joseph Fordney (R-MI) and Senator Porter McCumber (R-ND), authors of the 1922 tariff.

Smoot-Hawley bashers usually overlook another key point. The notorious 59.1-percent rate applied *only* to one-third of total imports in 1932. The 1930 act slightly expanded the free list so that two-thirds (66.8 percent) of U.S. imports, by value, entered duty-free. Smoot-Hawley permitted a larger percentage of imports to enter the United States duty-free than before or after, except in wartime. In 1991, for example, only 35 percent of U.S. imports entered duty-free, about the same percentage as in 1970 or 1890. Perhaps this is the real secret. During extraordinarily difficult economic times, Congress succeeded in writing a tariff schedule that actually *increased* the share of freely traded imports, while raising rates on some politically sensitive items to pre-World War I levels.

What about the claim that protectionist Smoot-Hawley spooked the New York stock market and contributed to the Great Crash? This is preposterous. President Hoover and Congress completed their work on the tariff in June 1930, nine months after the stock market break. Elementary logic suggests that an event in 1930 cannot cause an event in 1929. Interestingly, the business community did not fear higher protective tariffs. They feared gridlock and uncertainty. The October 1929 stock collapse came after a loose coalition of progressive Republicans and Southern Democrats seized control of the tariff bill, resulting in congressional deadlock. The stock market recovered during the spring of 1930 when President Hoover's Senate allies succeeded in breaking the stalemate and completing the Smoot-Hawley bill.

If Smoot, Hoover, and other participants could comment on the controversial North American Free Trade Agreement, they might offer an unsettling thought: America's present economic problems result in significant part from two generations of misplaced trade priorities.

Did Smoot-Hawley actually worsen the Depression, as Al Gore claims? Modern economic historians reject the Vice President's claim. Peter Temin of MIT states that the contradictory argument "fails on both theoretical and historical grounds." If higher U.S. duties had reduced import access to the U.S. market, dutiable imports should have fallen more rapidly than duty-free imports. They did not. From 1929 to 1931, as the U.S. entered the Depression, imports of dutiable and nondutiable goods both fell by the same amount—33 percent.

To demonstrate that Smoot-Hawley harmed world trade and deepened the Depression, critics must prove that the 1930 tariff provoked substantial foreign retaliation against U.S. exports. Certainly a number of foreign governments did seek to influence the congressional tariff-writing process in 1930 with talk of protests and reprisals. But declassified State Department records, available in the archives to any interested person, contain little evidence of either formal protests or meaningful retaliation. Many textbook writers assert that 34 countries protested Smoot-Hawley. In fact all but three or four such communications were routine. Unable to testify before Congress, foreign businesses and importers simply turned to diplomatic channels to communicate technical concerns to Congress. In 1929-1930, the State Department served as a mailman for foreign interests.

Compelling evidence that foreign governments avoided disruptive retaliation emerges in the State Department's internal records. Asked to assess foreign reactions to Smoot-Hawley, the State Department solicited information from overseas posts a year after the tariff act took effect. Summarizing responses, the State Department reported: "With the exception of discriminations in France, the extent of outright discriminations against American commerce is very slight." The official review concluded: "By far the largest number of countries do not discriminate against the commerce of the United States in any way."

If France was the most flagrant example of discrimination,

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the problem of foreign retaliation was small indeed. Exports to France fell 54.2 percent from 1929 to 1931, less than the 54.6 percent overall decline in U.S. exports. Exports to Switzerland, another country where citizens marched to protest Smoot-Hawley, fell only 22.4 percent. In Canada, where some retaliation occurred, U.S. exports fell slightly more than average—58.2 percent. However, exports to other major markets unaffected by higher Smoot-Hawley rates declined even more sharply. U.S. exports to Brazil fell 74 percent, to Colombia 67 percent, and to Venezuela 66 percent. In effect, trade data suggest that a decline in global demand associated with the Depression was far more important an explanation for falling U.S. exports than retaliation against Smoot-Hawley.

Did President Hoover imprudently reject the sound advice of more than 1,000 economists who urged him to veto the tariff act? Many pundits seem to think that the academic economists understood the economic conditions better than elected officials like President Hoover and members of Congress. But the 1,028 economists who appealed to both Congress and President Hoover made no specific reference to provisions of the pending legislation. Their memorial condemned higher tariffs with general economic arguments. They did not seem to recognize that the pending bill contained a flexible provision permitting the President and the Tariff Commission to adjust tariffs in response to changing circumstances. Given the vague nature of the economists' appeal, both Congress and President Hoover properly spurned the academic theorists.

Did public dissatisfaction with Smoot-Hawley protectionism cost Chairmen Smoot and Hawley their elective offices in 1932? Interpretations of ballot-box fury appeal to doctrinaire free-traders, but they do not conform to the factual record. Home-state newspapers in both Oregon and Utah attributed the defeats of Chairmen Hawley and Smoot to nontariff factors.

Ways and Means Committee Chairman Hawley lost in the May 1932 Oregon Republican primary to a colorful state official. Both the *Salem Oregon Statesman* and the *Portland Oregonian* credited the defeat to "local issues." Obtaining a federal soldier's hospital for one town in his district, Hawley angered several other localities. Noting that "democracies . . . are ungrateful . . . they are sometimes foolish," the *Portland Oregonian* stated that "Mr. Hawley lost many votes that he would have retained had he let the hospital go to the state of Washington." Both papers also cited the Prohibition controversy. Hawley was a "dry," his opponent a "wet." Most of all, Chairman Hawley had served in Congress a quarter century; he did not even return to Oregon for the primary campaign to rebuild his personal ties with voters. In such circumstances, it is not surprising that voters replaced a 68-year-old incumbent with a popular official 20 years younger. Those dissatisfied with Smoot-Hawley, according to the *Portland Oregonian*, were timber interests concerned about inadequate protection, not about excessive tariff increases.

In Utah, the 1932 Roosevelt landslide toppled Senator Smoot and other Republican candidates, not dissatisfaction with the protective tariff. According to a *New York Times* correspondent, Smoot was not "discredited, but the victim of a nationwide demand for a 'new deal.'" In losing, he gained more votes in Utah than either President Hoover or the Republican candidate for governor. Like Hawley, the 70-year-old Smoot fell to an opponent some 20 years younger, who also endorsed protection. In the Utah senate election, both candidates were Mormons. Some Mormons may have voted to bring Smoot home to devote more time to his responsibilities as an Apostle of the Mormon Church.

Was Smoot-Hawley the wrong tariff at the wrong time? Internationalists delight in attributing to Smoot-Hawley the subsequent breakdown in world economic and political relationships, but this line of criticism reflects the notion that the United States had a special responsibility to manage the world economy. In particular, they claim that high American tariffs complicated European efforts to sell goods in the U.S. market and make payments on World War I debts.

But Chairmen Smoot and Hawley, as well as a majority in Congress, had a different definition of their responsibilities in 1930. Their loyalties lay with constituents and voters, not international bankers and bondholders. The immediate concerns of American workers, producers, and farmers took priority over abstract and long-term foreign policy concerns. As Smoot said: "This Government should have no apology to make for reserving America for Americans. That has been our traditional policy ever since the United States became a nation. . . . We will not compromise the independence of this country for the privilege of serving as schoolmaster for the world. In economics as in politics, the policy of this Government is, 'America first.' The Republican Party will not stand by and see economic experimenters fritter away our national heritage."

For over 60 years the citizens have controlled debate, maligning President Hoover for approving Smoot-Hawley. Hoover signed the act because it contained a progressive innovation—a flexible tariff provision permitting the independent Tariff Commission to modify individual rates subject to presidential approval. Hoover was no rigid protectionist, but he and his friend Smoot, and other Republicans, believed that the American standard of living depended on preserving the protective system. "Economically the United States has advanced far ahead of the rest of the world behind a protective tariff barrier," Smoot observed in 1932. "The major issue . . . is 'Shall the barrier be removed so that the American people will have to slide back down to the economic level of the rest of the world.'"

If Smoot, Hoover, and other participants could comment on the controversial North American Free Trade Agreement, they might offer an unsettling thought: America's present economic problems result in significant part from two generations of misplaced trade priorities. They would blame doctrinaire free-traders for dismantling the Smoot-Hawley system while failing to obtain meaningful reciprocal access to major foreign markets for U.S. farm and manufactured products. Hoover would undoubtedly point proudly to his 1932 campaign speeches where he prophesied present difficulties. The end of protection, he said, would bring "disaster" for American workers and farmers as wages and living standards declined. "Grass will grow in streets of a hundred cities, a thousand towns; the weeds will overrun the fields of millions of farms if that protection be taken away."

To restimulate the domestic economy and create high-paying jobs for American workers, Smoot and Hoover would offer the American people far more than a one-sided GATT trade deal from the Uruguay Round. They would counsel Clinton to heed the anxious little people—the workers who made this nation great—instead of the country-club jet-setters determined to make big money moving plants around the world in pursuit of cheap labor.

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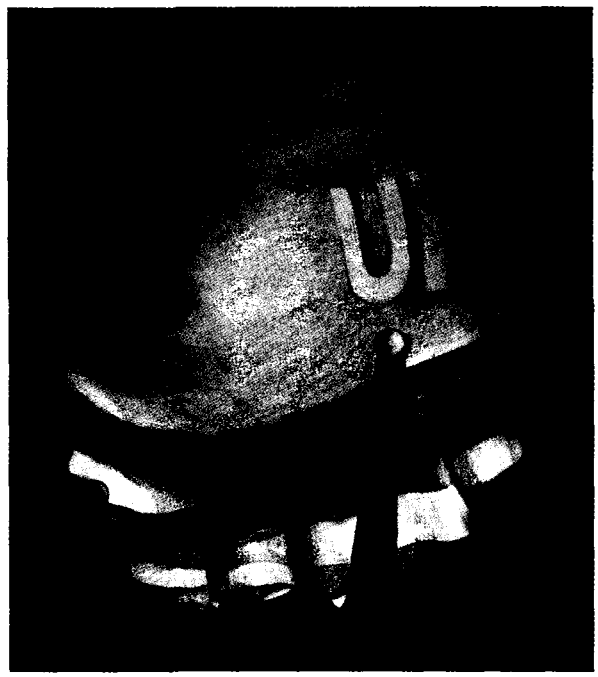
The Retreat From Realism

The United Nations vs. America's National Interests

by William R. Hawkins



Anna Mycek-Wodecki

The essence of conservatism is realism. Conservatives properly study the bloody lessons of history and recognize the ambiguous temper of human nature. They reject the grand but unworkable schemes for radical reform proposed by the socialist left. They favor local and state programs over federal ones, because they fear that the plans of a distant Washington will be too abstract for parochial community needs. By extension, the notion of a world government is even more fanciful.

Ever since the first modern multilateral congress of powers gathered at Münster and Osnabrück in 1648 to draw up the Peace of Westphalia, schemes for a "New World Order" have been hatched at the end of every major conflict. William Penn, Jean-Jacques Rousseau, Immanuel Kant, Jeremy Bentham, and James Mill are among the many who have tried their hand at such plans. All have failed. And while enlightened thinkers have played the parlor game of peace-mongering, the duty has fallen to conservatives to keep a wary eye on the inventory of powder and shot.

At the turn of the last century hope was invested in the Permanent Court of Arbitration at The Hague. The Great Powers held conferences in 1899 and 1907 to discuss arms control and dispute resolution. However, a third meeting scheduled for 1915 had to be canceled . . . due to the outbreak of World War I.

President Woodrow Wilson then took his turn as champion of a new order. His Fourteen Points and proposal for a League of Nations owed much to the thinking of British leftists. The Fabian socialist H.G. Wells was the first to coin the phrase "The War That Will End War," using it as the title for an essay in August 1914. Wells urged, "Let us replan society as we mean it to be constructed. Now is the opportunity to do fundamental things that will otherwise not get done for hundreds of years." Among his proposals was to "set up a Peace League that will control the globe." The destruction of the "reactionary" autocracies of Germany, Austro-Hungary, and Russia brought hope that the remaining Great Powers would cooperate in a democratic system based on international law, general disarmament, and free trade. Wilson's utopianism was rejected on the home front, and the United States did not join the league. Men like Senator Henry Cabot Lodge who opposed Wilson did so not because they were isolationists but because they were realists and nationalists. Lodge had long been a proponent of American overseas expansion. What was rejected was any diminution of American sovereignty or military strength and the restrictions on America's freedom of action that the league seemed to entail.

Yet the United States did participate in other interwar diplomatic efforts compatible with the Wilsonian vision. Secretary of State Frank Kellogg cosponsored the Kellogg-Briand Pact of 1928, which "outlawed" war. All the major powers that fought in World War II had signed this agreement, pledging to "condemn recourse to war for the solution of international controversies and renounce it as an instrument of national policy."

After World War II, the United Nations was established with a Security Council dominated by the major victorious powers: the United States, England, France, China, and the Soviet Union. President Franklin Roosevelt spoke openly of the

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"Big Four" (excluding China) as "policemen" whose power would dampen conflict between the minor states. The flaw became quickly evident. The World War II Allies did not stay united, as the Soviet Union and then China became enemies of the West. This had also happened after World War I, when Japan and Italy broke with the Western Allies to form the Axis with a revived Germany. Time and again the liberal notion that in an enlightened world everyone would recognize a harmony of interests in peace has proven a delusion. Even the horror of two world wars and the threat of nuclear escalation failed to bring forth such a common view. People the world over continue to hold causes (national, religious, ideological) to be more important than peace, causes for which some are willing to die and many more are willing to kill. There is no status quo that satisfies everyone. Change is always in the air.

The real danger comes if the United States is dragged into a series of fruitless conflicts without benefit to the country. It is then that public opinion becomes disenchanted and turns "isolationist," thus undermining the ability of the country to maintain the means and the will to defend its own interests.

How change evolves depends on the balance of power, a balance that occasionally must be tested. The liberal response has been "collective security," the attempt to prevent change by meeting force with force. Whenever war breaks out, the United Nations is to identify the aggressor and intervene against him; the proposed intervention is dependent on American "leadership" to be effective. The result is more American involvement in more foreign conflicts with less likelihood of success than the more modest agenda of traditional diplomacy based on fighting only when clearly defined American interests are directly threatened. It also naively assumes that "aggression" can be easily defined.

During the Cold War, any expansion by a communist regime, whether by cross-border invasion or internal subversion, was branded "aggression" in accordance with the national security interests of the United States and its allies. Critics attacked this for not being "evenhanded." They wanted a general principle that would condemn friends as well as foes for their violent acts regardless of their effect on American interests. And all too often, the State Department gave in to such pressure to place sanctions against countries that not only were friendly to the United States but in some cases were actual military allies acting against avowed enemies of the United States (examples: siding with the Soviet Union against Britain and France during the 1956 Suez Crisis; denouncing Israel for its attack on an Iraqi nuclear facility in 1981; and levying sanctions against various anticommunist regimes in Latin America).

Most of these cases involved alleged human rights abuses or punitive or preemptive military strikes. However, another common approach is to appeal to the supposed universal "principle" that borders should not be changed by force. Calls for American intervention in Bosnia have been based heavily on this notion. Yet this is one of many ivory-tower ideals far removed from reality. Flip through any historical atlas and watch the colors depicting nations and empires dance back and forth across the page. Watch the border of the United States move westward. The world is a dynamic place; its political geography cannot be frozen in time. Yet the advocates of collective security are willing to spend American blood in a futile effort to attempt this.

But collective security has a very poor record. The reason is simple. Nations do not want to waste their precious blood and treasure fighting wars that do not concern them directly and from which they will gain nothing to offset their losses. Instead, nations which feel that their interests or security may be threatened are free to use the tools of traditional diplomacy and form alliances to achieve mutual goals. Such alliances, because they are more narrowly focused and originate from concrete national concerns, are much more likely to be honored.

Despite the many failures of collective security, new calls are being made for a stronger United Nations that can act as an independent authority superior to national governments. The aim is to restrain or direct the energies of national governments and the private interests they shelter. Unsurprisingly, most of these calls are coming from the left.

With the Soviet Union gone, leftists are looking for a new power to contain American "imperialism." To them, collective security means counterbalancing the influence of the United States as the only superpower. When Mikhail Gorbachev raises millions of dollars by speaking of the "need for some kind of global government . . . one in which all members of the world community could take part," it is clearly a bid by the former leader of the defunct Soviet Union to create a new power to confront an old rival. The same is true when Joanne Lundy of the Campaign for Peace and Democracy argues that all members of the U.N. Security Council should be elected by the General Assembly in the name of "an equitable distribution of wealth and power" with no "anti-democratic" vetoes. Here is an excellent example of why the United States, with only six percent of the world's population, should not claim that advancing global democracy is its top priority.

Another dangerous notion is that the United Nations should have its own armed forces and intelligence agency. An advocate of this is Michael G. Renner of the left-wing Worldwatch Institute. Renner is critical of the U.N. Security Council for "abdicating its responsibility . . . by giving a U.S.-led coalition a blank check." During the Gulf crisis, he wanted American forces placed "under control of the Security Council and its Military Staff Committee." The United Nations should not be dependent on forces contributed by national governments but should recruit its own army from "individuals whose loyalty to the U.N. is not in question," says Renner. That is, individuals who have turned their backs on their own homelands. Renner believes this army could go beyond protecting borders to in-

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tervening in domestic affairs through the "facilitation of political transitions . . . and elections." A prescription for global tyranny.

A large step in this direction was advocated by Martin Walker in the Summer 1993 issue of the *World Policy Journal*, published quarterly by the World Policy Institute. In an essay entitled "Global Taxation: Paying for Peace," Walker points out that "the more than $900 billion traded on the world's currency exchanges every day is recorded and most of the transactions are accomplished on the world's most sophisticated data network. They are thus, at least in theory, easily taxable." The principle use of this new tax revenue would be to fund a United Nations army independent of control by major U.N. members like the United States.

Taxation and the raising of armies are sovereign prerogatives. For the United Nations to claim such rights, regardless of how implemented, would establish it as a superior entity. Walker sympathizes with this notion:

> The power to assert one's own economic and taxation policy has long been the cardinal characteristic of the nation-state. That power is now in question. But so is the continued utility of the nation-state as the guarantor of internal order and prime actor in international affairs.

Note that the United Nations' role is to extend to assuring "internal order" within nations and not just to serving as a mediator between nations.

These ideas were once confined to the far left, but their containment has broken down. The present danger comes from the naiveté and absentmindedness with which these notions are being picked up in mainstream circles. A case in point is the Final Report of the United States Commission on Improving the Effectiveness of the United Nations, released last September. Entitled *The UN and the Health of Nations*, it implies that the United Nations has the cure for all of the world's ills. The members of the commission were picked by President George Bush and by leaders of both parties in Congress.

In the report's introduction one finds the following statement:

> Just as the Pentagon should become "blued" in the decades ahead with U.S. armed forces prepared to serve as the need arises in blue-helmeted U.N. operations, Washington must become "greened" with policymakers prepared to demonstrate an increased commitment to addressing transnational environmental problems.

More disturbing than the assertion itself is the fact that it was made by the Republican cochair of the commission, Representative James Leach of Iowa. Leach is a foe of what he calls "the corrosive cynicism of the realist critique." He condemned the fact that "as recently as a decade ago, the Executive Branch took a hard-edged ideological approach to international relations that included toying with the U.S. withdrawal from parts of the U.N. system." To name names, that was part of Ronald Reagan's policy, which led to the American victory in the Cold War. How soon some people forget the nature of the real world in their hubristic embrace of a "New World Order"!

Leach also denounced Reagan for "taking an ideological walk at the Law of the Sea negotiations." Yet the Law of the Sea Treaty proposed in 1982 under U.N. auspices called for the creation of a Seabed Authority modeled on the U.N. General Assembly, which would literally have had exclusive jurisdiction over half the planet, meaning the oceans outside of territorial waters. It would have licensed (for a fee) all deep seabed exploration, taxed companies engaged in ocean development, and mandated the transfer of technology. The money and technology obtained was to go to the Third World. The Seabed Authority was also to fix prices, set production limits, and control the marketing of ocean resources. American opposition killed this dangerous U.N. plot, but such battles are never permanently won.

Leach owed his appointment as cochair to Bush. The two became political allies after meeting at the United Nations, where Bush was the United States ambassador and Leach a State Department foreign service officer. It was Bush's tactic of using the United Nations as cover for the Gulf War that is primarily responsible for the revival of the U.N. after it had been rendered impotent and irrelevant by Reagan.

The commission report calls for "the U.S. and other nations to subscribe to the compulsory jurisdiction of the International Court of Justice (World Court) at The Hague" and for the creation of a new International Criminal Court. Though Leach teases the reader by suggesting Pol Pot, Saddam Hussein, Slobodan Miloshevitch, and Abu Nidal as potential defendants in such a court, his is an American wish-list. Other people's lists may differ radically. As even Leach concedes, "In a dynamic, divided world . . . one man's terrorist is another's freedom fighter; one man's narco-trafficker is another's Robin Hood." That is why the creation of new supranational bodies, or the empowerment of existing bodies, is dangerous. The United States is only one of 184 members of the United Nations. America's national strength gives it a far better capability to protect its own interests than to control a global organization of diverse states, many if not most of which do not share American values or care anything for the well-being and security of American citizens.

While Leach cannot be considered a conservative, similar calls for an expanded United Nations have come from those closely associated with the putative right. Paul Johnson advocated the resurrection of the United Nations as a world government in *National Review* (Dec. 14, 1992). Johnson sees the U.N. Security Council becoming "the last, most altruistic and positive of the imperial powers." The U.N. Security Council would intervene around the world "from the provision of basic government almost from scratch—as is plainly needed in Somaliland [sic] now—to the provision of internal security systems to mandatory currency and economic management." This call for involvement in the internal policies of states goes far beyond the original idea of controlling external aggression. Thus his attempt to cite the Gulf War as a precedent for his grand scheme does not connect. Johnson's target list for intervention includes "at least a score of states where government cannot discharge its elementary functions." Elsewhere Johnson mentions "60 or 70 poor nations distressed by war, famine or economic collapse."

Johnson believes the end of the Cold War has made consensus-building on the U.N. Security Council easy. He is so optimistic about Russia he is even willing to give Moscow a "trusteeship" over the trans-Caucasus region, an obviously foolish idea because the region's inhabitants want indepen-

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dence from Russia. Will the United States be asked to provide troops to help Moscow recreate its empire under the U.N. flag, or will technical and financial support suffice?

Johnson admits that China poses a problem, but he naively assumes that if given more responsibility in the world community, China "will act more responsibly in consequence." Johnson would also expand the U.N. Security Council to include Germany, Japan, and India. Yet the more members there are in this "inner cabinet of the world community," the harder it will be to reach a consensus. Accustomed to thinking in narrow Cold War terms where ideology was paramount, Johnson grossly underestimates the variety of issues that can divide nations.

Yet in his much heralded work *Modern Times*, Johnson was hostile to the Wilsonian world view, denouncing proponents of the League of Nations as "quasi-pacifists" bent on creating "a sense of security which is wholly fictitious." He rejected the concept of collective security, writing "nations eschew war except when their vital interests were at stake. How could frontiers be indefinitely guaranteed by anything or anybody?" Johnson, like so many other historians, has a realistic view of the past but is unable to translate this into a defense against current fads of a quixotic nature.

Johnson does see economic rivalry as a growing problem, but he glosses over its importance by repeating the tired cliché of "free trade." If "history shows that trade wars have a depressing tendency to erupt into fighting wars," as Johnson believes, does this not mean that the economic stakes are high? Too high for responsible statesmen to ignore by adopting a *laissez-faire* attitude? Today, manufacturing in strategic industries is characterized by imperfect competition, externalities, and economies of scale. The gains from market dominance are not just from immediate income but also from enhanced national security and faster future growth. Thus the economic argument for "free trade" has lost its force while the political argument for strategic-industrial independence remains.

This leaves Johnson with the old argument from Richard Cobden that free trade is "the grand panacea" under whose influence "the motive for large and mighty empires, for gigantic armies and great fleets would die away." This has always been the real appeal of free-trade theory. Yet prominent free-trade advocates like Charles Kindleberger and Robert Keohane have conceded that a major power needs to act as the self-sacrificing "leader" to hold such a system together: one that will turn a blind eye to the predatory policies of others, that will unilaterally keep its markets open and watch passively as its own strength is eaten away "for the good of the global system." The United States has played this role for several decades, and the costs have risen to the breaking point. It is, of course, easier to build a consensus if the United States shoulders the burden of intervention. But it is not true that only America has the power to act. The Europeans could have handled Bosnia, and the oil-rich Islamic states could have come to the aid of their coreligionists in nearby Somalia. But they refused. The costs were deemed too high for projects that did not touch their national interests.

It is a credit to American compassion that the United States has been in the forefront of emergency relief efforts. But Johnson's agenda goes far beyond this. He recognizes that the problems of Third World nations are of their own making, of "bad, incompetent or corrupt government . . . or no government." He speaks glibly of a "new imperialism" whereby the U.N. Security Council assumes responsibility for hundreds of millions of people. Such a scheme is almost certainly futile. But even if it were not futile, American leaders have no right to spend the nation's blood and treasure on massive ventures unrelated to the needs of the people they represent. If they forget, the public should remind them. Somalia provided an object lesson in this regard when a strong political backlash developed after a number of American soldiers were killed in gun battles with the forces of warlord Mohammed Farrah Aidid. The media tried to portray Somalia as another Vietnam. But the two are not the same. In principle (though fortunately not in scale), Somalia was worse. North Vietnam was a communist regime backed by the Soviet Union, and when the communists won in 1975 (after the Americans withdrew and Congress made draconian cuts in aid to South Vietnam) the Soviets moved bombers and warships into the former American bases. It was a part of the global chess game that bore directly on American security.

Communism has now collapsed almost everywhere, but the left remains opposed to any American military action to protect national strategic interests. Thus the left opposed the Persian Gulf War because it was a struggle for the control of oil. And it is exactly because America has no strategic interests in Somalia that made intervention so attractive to the Clinton administration. Intervention was to be a humanitarian act of "nation-building" under the U.N. flag, an act of self-sacrifice to uplift the poor in a new liberal world order. It was very much in line with the trustee system Johnson wanted to revive.

But the League of Nations trustee system, like the older system of imperialism, saw nations administer territory in accord with their strategic interests. The best examples are Britain's use of league mandates to control Middle East oil fields and Japan's use of mandates in the Mariana and Caroline islands to form the outer bulwarks of its Pacific empire. When the costs of empire became too high or they were defeated in war, the trustees withdrew. In contrast, the costs of altruistic intervention *always* end up being too high. Though the loss of any American GI is a tragedy to friends and family, there is an unequalled honor in having given one's life for one's country. But because those who were killed in Somalia were supporting a policy that explicitly served no American interest, they seem to have died for nothing. And that is what sparked the backlash.

The final appeal made by advocates of an expanded United Nations supported by the United States is the alleged fear that failure of American action means that the country is lapsing back into isolationism. This would be a sign that democracy itself is fatally flawed if it cannot rally itself on behalf of global leadership. Yet the United States has proved its ability to act forcefully when its real interests are at stake. The United States has fought just as many wars as any other major power—and has a better win-loss record than most. The massive public support that manifested itself during the Gulf War attests to the strength of the American patriotic spirit. The real danger comes if the United States is dragged into a series of fruitless conflicts without benefit to the country. It is then that public opinion becomes disenchanted and turns "isolationist," thus undermining the ability of the country to maintain the means and the will to defend its own interests. True conservatives are realists who understand that American blood, treasure, and moral energy are too precious to be wasted on barren liberal "principles" unconnected to America's actual needs. ◁

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At Wordsworth's Grave

by Marion Montgomery

i

This church will prosper beyond God-worship.
Here lies the man who named our stones; by him
Our flowers sway sweeter in a foreign eye,
Those daffodils now reckoned Dora's Field,
Or dancing above Patterdale by staid Ullswater
In the endless caged words of staid contentions.

In Grasmere Churchyard a gathering of children,
Third-form holiday, cluster like petals
About your flat darkening stone.
Their notepads
Struggle to please the high-pitched teacher,
Her tallied detail too chopped for any meter.
Nearby, unnoticed, lies Hartley, constant,
Once child among your lost and sporting lambs
That day when shadows from some mountain
Fell of mind wept loss of bird and flower
All your soul long and deep in monument
Of stiff song, strata of frozen images.

Sealed lost in stuttering memory, old splendor
Seeped back past becks, scaled scree, past Skiddow
Into the high-skulled moors toward Solway.

ii

Still, here lies William Wordsworth, near favored yews,
Near him favored Hartley where sings the Rothay
In a minor down to Grasmere reeds.
The river gnaws at Grasmere Churchyard, minor at stones
As the voices of third-form children,
The always incipient lovers.

The loose wool of my torn thought, vague homage,
Spins bright at every stand from Scott's bibing Swan
Down hill past cold Dove Cottage, to Rydal;
Past Hawkeshead, on down to Kendal.
It comes to rest a moment in the May dusk
Settling Natland Green.
A long way now
Outward to another present; we're westing
Outward toward Crawford and its gathering dusk,
Hot Georgia resin, broomsedge, another world enambered.

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The Gospel of Pluralism

by Kenneth R. Craycraft, Jr.

"I esteem . . . Toleration to be the chief Characteristical Mark of the True Church."

—John Locke

Anna Mycek-Wodecki

Religious Liberty in the Supreme Court: Cases That Define the Debate Over Church and State
Edited by Terry Eastland
Washington, D.C.: Ethics and Public Policy Center;
527 pp., $29.95

The Culture of Disbelief: How American Law and Politics Trivialize Religious Devotion
by Stephen L. Carter
New York: Basic Books;
328 pp., $25.00

◆

It is fitting that the most confused and confusing legal tradition in America today is First Amendment case law regarding religious liberty. It is confusing because at the Founding a young nation composed principally of strongly religious people was induced to believe that its nascent political and legal traditions were invented and instituted in order to secure, protect, and even promote the tenets of the Christianity in which it almost universally believed. Supreme Court adjudication has henceforth been a long-sustained struggle between those who take their measure from *popular sentiment* (especially at the time of the Founding) and those who understand the actual implications of the *political theory* manifested in the United States Constitution and the legal tradition that flows from it.

Terry Eastland has thus done a service to scholars of church-state relations by bringing together 25 of the most important U.S. Supreme Court cases on the religion clauses of the First Amendment from 1940 to 1992. He also supplies valuable footnotes where needed for clarification and includes contemporary commentary after 15 of the cases. Finally, the last part of the book includes interpretive articles by three of today's most important commentators on First Amendment jurisprudence: Mary Ann Glendon, Michael J. Sandel, and Michael W. McConnell. Sandel's essay is an especially valuable commentary on the current state of the Supreme Court's understanding of religion.

As Eastland explains in the excellent introduction, during the first 150 years or so of life under the Bill of Rights, the federal courts had little to say about the relation of church to state, since the individual states had not yet been "incorporated" under the Bill of Rights through the 14th Amendment. Not until *Cantwell* v. *Connecticut* (1940) did the Supreme Court declare that "the fundamental concept of liberty embodied in that Amendment"—namely due process of law—"embraces the liberties guaranteed by the First Amendment."

One can immediately see why Supreme Court jurisprudence is such a muddle. Regardless of how one interprets the First Amendment, no one can claim that the Founders ever intended it to apply to the individual states or to individual persons or religions (much as James Madison would have liked it to). Thus, a legal tenet meant solely to apply to the federal government and framed with that unique property in mind is now applied to situations that it was never intended to address. Even if one believes that incorporation is a sound doctrine, it still cannot be denied that the First Amendment was written for a different purpose. It is a square peg being pounded into a round hole.

This is especially problematic for those who hold that the First Amendment was to allow a great range of legislative freedom regarding religious liberty for the several states under the principle of federalism, which, when applied to particular cases, severely restricts religious liberty. That is, the First Amendment itself is a poor guarantor of religious freedom when applied to persons and religious groups. The First Amendment was meant to allow states to legislate as they saw fit, and to protect

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the federal government from the contamination of religious establishment. To take away the former leaves the courts and Congress to apply the latter in a far more sweeping and aggressive manner. Under *Cantwell*, for a state to support religion is for the federal government to *establish* religion.

Therefore, rather than as incorporating the states under the First Amendment, *Cantwell* ought to be seen as *repealing* the First Amendment. Through incorporation, the Supreme Court forces Congress to do something that the First Amendment explicitly *forbids*, namely to make laws "respecting an establishment of religion" and "prohibiting the free exercise thereof." And *Cantwell* takes rights away from the states that the First Amendment was written explicitly to protect, such as the right to establish (or not) religion in any way they chose.

So, while Mary Ann Glendon holds out hope that the tradition is not really as confusing as it seems, nonetheless, "the Supreme Court's religion-clause case law has reached the state where it is described on all sides, and even by the judges themselves, as hopelessly confused, inconsistent and incoherent." Glendon believes that the confusion is caused less by the possibility of making sense out of the First Amendment than by the inadequate moral, political, and social theory that informs the judgment of Supreme Court justices as they decide religion-clause cases.

In short, whether from the right or the left, the moral anthropology informing legal and political thought in America has lately been one of extreme individualism and moral pluralism, in which communities such as family, church, and "other groups of memory and mutual aid" are seen not as instruments of authentic freedom, but impediments to it. Rather than understanding human personhood in terms of these salutary traditions and contexts—most especially religious ones—it is reduced to radically atomistic individualism.

Glendon is certainly correct that this is the current state of affairs, but she fails to ask whether its very cause may be the political and legal institutions that we in America invest with an almost sacred status. She excuses the Founders, since they had no way of knowing that "the dense texture of 18th-century American society, with its family farms and businesses, its tight-knit communities, and its churches firmly woven in the social fabric" would all erode to the extent that they have. Again, this is probably correct, as are her reminders that the Founders never "underestimated the importance of the [religious] institutions whose durability they assumed" and that "it seems not to have occurred to our early leaders that there might come a time when the society's ability to produce virtuous citizens and statesmen would falter." But what if the legal and political institutions they established are the very instruments of this faltering? While we might be able to excuse the Founders' inability to *prophesy* the future moral failure of America, we might not be able to excuse them for erecting the structures that have caused this decline.

American history embodies two concepts. The first is that American society is deeply formed by religion—specifically Christianity—which is seen as the necessary condition of a well-ordered life; the other conscientiously denies the efficacy of the influence of religion upon—and in fact sees it as an impediment to—a well-ordered political society. The concepts that inform the political institutions of America—and that suggest the nature of our political culture—may be ones which ineluctably erode the belief we once possessed that we are not atomistic individuals but rather religiously formed, "embedded" persons. Is the mix of liberal individualism and a certain form of sympathetically idiomatic Protestantism perhaps a deadly one for a well-ordered society?

The confusion of which Glendon writes is by no means restricted to judicial opinions. Many, if not most, legal and political theorists wind up in the same sort of confused mess that American case law is in. For example, while Stephen Carter's *The Culture of Disbelief* is a painstakingly honest book, he has trouble avoiding the same pitfalls that have led to the incoherence of Supreme Court adjudication. Though he demonstrates a sincere effort to preserve something like authentic religious liberty, grounded in and at the service of religious truth, Carter is too much a part of a political culture that disdains such retrograde concepts as exclusive religious truth. He does not succumb easily, and his book is admirable for its effort to resist, but *The Culture of Disbelief* is very much a product of the culture it purports to criticize. Carter wants American law and politics to respect faith, but it is the faith of a liberal democrat who happens to attend an Episcopal church.

The giveaway is that Carter almost never uses the word "religion" in the singular. It is always "the religions do" this and "the religions are" that. This is because his book is a call not to protect religious liberty but to preserve religious pluralism. That is, Carter's heroes are not those who want the state to leave them alone so that they can practice their exclusively true religion, but rather those who want the state to establish and maintain a state of affairs in which such people will not offend anyone. As Philip Turner, Dean of the Yale Divinity School, says in a jacket blurb, "In Carter the American people have a much needed advocate for the rapidly disappearing public virtues of civility and tolerance." Thus, despite his own repeated disclaimers, religious liberty is at the service of religious pluralism, not *vice versa*.

It is Carter's disclaimers that make his book as confused and confusing as the tangled church-state relationship on which he is attempting to comment. Carter wants to maintain that his own religion—Episcopalian Christianity—is true (sort of), but he would never be so offensive as to suggest that this implies that, say, Buddhism is false. Moreover, on the one hand he says that "the religions" have a legitimate role in criticizing the political order, while on the other he denies that religions which might create disorder or "division" are legitimate. Division equals hatred, as in: "Christ's message, after all, is one of love and inclusion, not of hatred and division." Oh?

Carter's understanding of "the religions" is informed more by John Locke than by Jesus Christ.

> Locke:
>
> The Toleration of those that differ from others in Matters of Religion, is so agreeable to the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and to the genuine Reason of Mankind, that it seems monstrous for Men to be so blind, as not to perceive the Necessity and Advantage of it, in so clear a light.
>
> Jesus Christ:
>
> Do not think that I came to bring peace on the earth; I did not come to bring peace, but a sword. For I

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> came to set a man against his father, and a daughter against her mother, and a daughter-in-law against her mother-in-law.
>
> Blessed are you when men hate you.
>
> If anyone comes to Me, and does not hate his own father and mother and wife and children and brothers and sisters, yes, even his own life, he cannot be My disciple.

Now the words of Jesus are strong and difficult—and they may even be false—but they cannot be seen in communion with Locke's. Indeed, they explicitly contradict Locke's notions, and attempts such as Carter's to reconcile them almost always affirm the religion of Locke and not of Jesus.

This is manifest in at least three ways. First, religion for Carter is not a statement of transcendent truth that makes a claim of obligation on all men. Rather, "religions" represent individual preferences, which must be protected under the guise of the rights of autonomous private conscience. Carter sometimes seems to be aware of the insufficiency of this idea, but he ultimately cannot escape it himself. For instance, he complains that "for Americans to take their religions [*sic*] seriously, to treat them as ordained rather than chosen, is to risk assignment to the lunatic fringe." But just one page earlier he endorses the idea of choice, which is supposed to be a sign of sanity: "American ideology cherishes religion, as it does all matters of private conscience, which is why we justly celebrate a strong tradition against state interference with private religious choice." And again, later in the book: "My own view is that [religious] exclusivity . . . betrays a lack of faith in God's charity, but everyone is entitled to choose a religious belief."

Carter never mentions, nor even seems aware of, Michael Sandel's outstanding essay "Freedom of Conscience or Freedom of Choice?" first published in 1990 and reprinted in Eastland's *Religious Liberty in the Supreme Court*. Sandel argues that modern Supreme Court jurisprudence does not serve religious liberty, but rather individualism and religious pluralism. Because the Court assumes that religion is something one chooses from a position of radical autonomy, it cannot take into account the needs of those persons who feel that they are constrained by religious commitments that they did not choose. The Court assumes an "image of the self as free and independent, unencumbered by aims and attachments it does not choose for itself." Any such encumbrance is a violation of human freedom, and so any religion that assumes to oblige belief on all men is, in the opinion of Justice John Paul Stevens in *Wallace* v. *Jaffree*, unworthy of respect by the Court.

Sandel believes that such an opinion reveals not respect for religion "but respect for the self whose religion it is." The man who feels constrained by obligations and commitments he has not chosen is therefore not due equal respect by the Court since his religious opinions are illiberal; they strike at the very foundation of the American ideal of private, voluntary conscience. But, says Sandel, this "liberal conception of the person ill equips the Court to secure religious liberty for those who regard themselves as claimed by religious commitments they have not chosen." The Court is endorsing religious pluralism, not protecting religious freedom; those who are not convinced that government ought to make such an endorsement are excluded from consideration.

Thus the second manifestation of Stephen Carter's Lockean religion is his implicit assertion that God is strongly and exclusively on the political side of those who believe that She is a Liberal Democrat. Or, to put it another way, God is the Ultimate Pluralist, reigning in judgment over nonpluralists. So, for instance, when Christians use their symbols "as divisively as they did in Houston" at the 1992 Republican National Convention (Carter gives no examples of this), "presuming to cast their opponents into the outer darkness, I tremble with anger—and, since that decision is not really within the scope of their ecclesiastical authority, I tremble for their souls." On the other hand (and on the very next page), he remarks that Martin Luther King, Jr., "and other religious leaders showed no reluctance to claim for their positions an 'exclusive alignment with the Almighty.'" "Nor is there any reason that they should have been reluctant," says Carter, "provided that they had come in a prayerful way to a sincere belief that they had discovered the will of God."

Religions, for Carter, should not be protected because one of them might be true, but rather because in their very multiplicity they contribute to the liberal concept of pluralism as an unqualified good. Religions are at the service of the pluralist state, insuring that the divine principle of tolerance be upheld by laws and those who make them. Carter complains that he wants the state to *respect*, not merely to tolerate, his religion, but only because his religion endorses the state religion of tolerance. It should be respected not because it might be true, but because it gives theological sanction to the religion of pluralism at the heart of the American ethos.

Now, Carter is careful to point out that his moral judgment of the bad Republicans is based upon their *political* positions, rather than their religious opinions (which they ought to be free to choose). But he fails to see that the political opinions of some religious believers cannot be so easily separated from their religious convictions. Or, perhaps more accurately, he cannot see that some religious convictions do not so neatly and miraculously coincide with liberal democratic political opinions. Carter wants his religion to be respected, but, *mirabile dictu*, he cannot think of any issue on which it does not endorse liberal democratic politics—from abortion and homosexual "rights" to women's ordination and prayer in school.

As Carter explains, "the National Council of Churches was surely right that God's name should not be used 'to breed intolerance and to divide,'" as it allegedly was at the Republican Convention. "But it was wrong to suggest that any partisan use of God's name tends to do so." The N.C.C. erred in its implicit denial "that one party might in fact stand for values that are closer than the other's to the will of God." And, of course, the party that comes closest is the one that elevates pluralism to the level of dogma. Carter tries to argue that only the *conclusions* of the "religious right" ought to be morally condemned, not the fact that they are infused with what he indelicately calls "God-talk." But of course this makes no sense. If a man's religion necessarily induces him to make immoral judgments (as all religious conservatives do in Carter's world), the religion that informs them ought to be condemned as well.

And the opinions and religions that deserve the harshest condemnation are those that do not endorse liberal democ-

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racy. For Carter, the purpose of religions is to secure and promote democratic pluralism, and their moral legitimacy is judged accordingly. Religions are in service to the democratic state, and this state, in turn, is good for the right kind of religions. The wrong kind of religions will either have to tough it out in a political culture that condemns them (rightly, Carter thinks) or conform their beliefs to the proper liberal ones. Thus, Roman Catholics may persist if they want in their immoral condemnation of homosexual acts, but the state is legitimate to condemn them for it: "The state has a perfect right to send a message that it is very wrong to discriminate on the basis of sexual orientation." But how does the state "send a message" other than through legal or political sanction?

Carter wants a robust religion that will condemn some acts of the state, but only those acts that show a flagging commitment to rigorous liberal democratic pluralist morality. "Democracy needs its nose-thumbers, and to speak of the religions as intermediaries is to insist that they play important roles in the proper function of the republic." But every concrete instance in which "the religions" are applauded for such nose-thumbing is one in which they condemn anything that smacks of "division" or "intolerance"—in short, any that is not so reactionary as to suggest that democratic pluralism might not be an unqualified good.

This leads directly to the third manifestation of Carter's Lockean religion: the chimerical assertion that American legal and political institutions of religious freedom are designed to protect religion from the state, rather than the state from religion. Now it is probably unarguable that the broadly popular sentiment at the time of the American Founding was that the state ought to protect religious freedom. Nor is it arguable that the First Amendment, as originally envisioned, does not prevent the various states from establishing religion (which Massachusetts did until 1835). Moreover, I prescind from judging the propriety of including the states under the Bill of Rights through the agency of the 14th Amendment. But to claim that the intention of the Constitution of the United States is to protect religion from the state rather than the state from religion is simple legal fiction, and Carter swallows it feathers and all.

In endorsing this fiction Carter first invokes not one of the Founding Fathers but Roger Williams, who died some 100 years before the First Amendment was written. (Carter is either unaware of this or uninterested in informing the reader that he is aware of this; he discusses Williams in a paragraph about "most members of the Founding Generation.") Certainly Williams's theory is a rigorous call for the protection of dissenting religion for the sake of religion, but his theory is not that of James Madison or of Thomas Jefferson, both of whom were preoccupied with protecting the state from Williams's kind of religion rather than in protecting that religion from the state.

Jefferson, for instance, sought to undermine the "monkish ignorance" of traditional religion, and he explicitly said that he hoped the political institutions he helped to erect would eradicate Christianity from America. "I confidently expect," he wrote in 1822, "that the present generation will see Unitarianism become the general religion of the United States." He clearly believed that the religious-political institutions of the American Founding were in large part, if not exclusively, the instrument for effecting this conversion.

And Madison was of the opinion that the state needed safeguards against religion since, as he wrote to Jefferson in 1787, "even in its coolest State, [religion] has been much oftener a motive to oppression than a restraint from it." Of course a cursory reading (which is all Carter gives it) of Madison's *Memorial and Remonstrance Against Religious Assessments* and *Federalist* No. 10 and 51 might leave the impression that Madison is benign toward religion. But one must note *why* he wanted to encourage the proliferation of many sects: to diffuse their concentrated ability to influence public policy—that is, to protect the state from them. Madison's hope was that the political institutions of the Founding would contribute to an eventual benign secularism, in which religious orthodoxy would be consigned to its proper place on the lunatic fringe of American society.

In short, Michael McConnell's essay in the Eastland book could well be describing Madison and Jefferson when it criticizes modern thinkers whose position amounts to "a demand for freedom from religion, not freedom of religion. And the society they would create is one not of religious diversity but of a dull and conformist secularism." Importantly, McConnell implicitly recognizes that this secularism is not necessarily achieved by direct legislation against religion, but rather by a secular legal concept that gradually crowds out the religious ones that once shaped men's lives in a more salutary way. As he explains, America's descent into secularism "most often . . . comes in the form of mores, sometimes reinforced by law, that make it uncomfortable or costly to put one's religious principles into practice in public." (McConnell's analysis, here as elsewhere, is deficient insofar as he exempts the Founders from this charge of aggressive secularism.)

What is even more damaging is that these legal mores—the historical idea of a secular legal culture—have been so powerful that Christians have forgotten the example of a truly countercultural religion, which does not miraculously conform to every principal of enlightened liberal democracy, whether in its Republican or Democratic party forms. Stephen Carter, despite his best intentions, is a living example of just such forgetfulness. C

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Leaving the Losing Side

by Terence P. Jeffrey

Beautiful Losers: Essays on the Failure of American Conservatism
by Samuel P. Francis
Columbia: University of Missouri Press; 256 pp., $37.50

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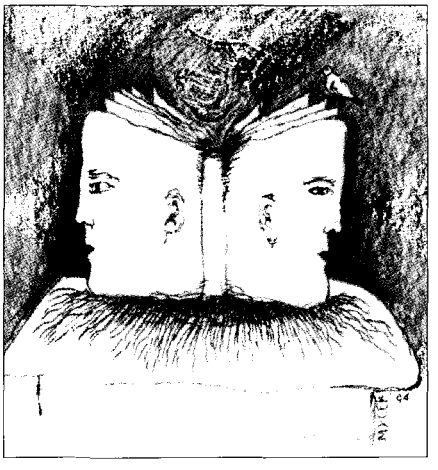
The main fact of American politics in the 1990's is that the elites of both major parties have moved so far from the values and interests of the middle class that a third party has begun to rise almost spontaneously to fill the void. In Colorado, this third-party-to-be-named-later passed an amendment denying special rights to homosexuals. In New York, it worked in Queens to reject a multiculturalist grade school curriculum and in Staten Island to secede from Manhattan. It has passed term limits in 14 states. In 1992, the third party cut George Bush's Republican "base" to 38 percent of the vote, less than Herbert Hoover managed in 1932 even with the albatross of the Great Depression. It also held "victorious" Democrat Bill Clinton to two points short of Michael Dukakis's 1988 standard. Ross Perot, who vacillated in and out of the campaign and in and out of popular favor, in the end won 19 percent nationwide—and significantly more than that in some regions of the Sunbelt formerly perceived as Republican presidential strongholds. Still, the professional Democrats and Republicans in Washington act as if they have heard nothing new murmuring from Middle America.

Rather than cut middle-class taxes and end welfare as we know it, President Clinton has pushed through the biggest tax increase in history and unveiled a scheme for socialized medicine. He has opened the Armed Forces to homosexuals and the Treasury to Planned Parenthood. He has lost 18 soldiers (denied armor by our own Pentagon) in a futile manhunt for a Somali strongman who was later offered an American armored car, and an American escort, to catch an American plane to a warlord convention in Ethiopia. Some Republicans, meanwhile, have looked for opportunities to engage President Clinton in a "centrist coalition" that knows how to "govern." The defining moment of this new bipartisanship was the passage of NAFTA, the so-called free-trade agreement that includes $8 billion in foreign aid, investment guarantees to help move American jobs to Mexico, and trinational bureaucracies staffed by labor and environmental "experts" with the power to fine and sanction the U.S. government.

Samuel Francis has been predicting this impasse for a decade. In the well-reasoned pieces collected in *Beautiful Losers: Essays on the Failure of American Conservatism*, he sets the historical stage upon which this farce is played. As a nationally syndicated newspaper columnist and regular essayist in *Chronicles*, Francis has popularized the concept of the Middle American Radical and forecast the rising populist tide that is just now beginning to hit the beach.

Who are the Middle American Radicals? They are working- and middle-class Americans who ascribe to the traditional values of work, family, faith, and community and who believe their economic security, the safety of their neighborhoods, and even the freedom and independence of their country are being sold out by "an entrenched elite." Though he is clearly sympathetic to—or, rather, enthusiastic about—their cause, Francis maintains the intellectual discipline needed to turn the keen eye of a student of Machiavelli on this sociological grouping. In an essay written in the early 80's entitled "Message from MARs," he concludes that Middle American Radicals may form the heart of a new political coalition. "As a rising political class," he wrote, "the MARs have their own interests, aspirations, and values, and these are not intended to benefit the nation, society as a whole, or humanity. Nevertheless, the structural interests of the MARs—what is of benefit to them because of their position and functions in American society—may be beneficial to America as well." In Francis's view, MARs are no more libertarian than they are altruistic. If a MAR "elite" were to gain power, he argues, it "would make use of the state for its own interests as willingly as the managerial elite does. MAR resentment of welfare paternalism and regulation is not based on a profound faith in the market but simply on the sense of injustice that unfair welfare programs, taxes, and the stifling of regulation have bred."



Looking through the prism of the Cold War, Francis postulated that a new conservative government, "reflecting the interests and values of its MARs-Sunbelt-neo-entrepreneurial base, is likely to endorse a new nationalism that insists on the military and economic preeminence of the United States, on international activism (and even expansionism) in world affairs, on at least some measure of protection for domestic producers, and for more resistance to Third World arrogance and barbarism." It would replace the "cosmopolitanism" of the current elite with cultural traditionalism. "[T]he rising MAR-Sunbelt elite is likely to form around what may be called a domestic ethic that centers on the family, the neighborhood, the local community, the church, and the nation as the basic framework of values," Francis argues. "The values associated with the domestic ethic will contrast sharply with those of cosmopolitanism: the duty of work rather than the right of welfare; the value of loyalty to concrete persons, symbols, and institutions rather than the cosmopolitan dispersion of loyalties; and the social and human necessity of sacrifice and deferral of gratification rather than the cosmopolitan-managerial demand for immediate gratification, indulgence, and consumption."

At a time when Congress is populated by $135,000-per-year check-bouncers,

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how can a counter-elite based on old-time republican values come to power? "The primary justification of its quest for power," Francis believes, "must be the corruption, decadence, incompetence, oppressiveness, and alienation of the old elite that it is seeking to replace." In the struggle with this "old elite," he offers a realpolitik for the right, focused less on what liberals profess as on how they hold power.

His model is derived from James Burnham, the founding editor of *National Review*, who pioneered the theory of the Managerial Revolution. Francis writes:

> The twentieth century, for the United States as well as for the rest of the world, has been an age of revolution of far more profound transformational effect than any the modern world has ever experienced. Perhaps not since neolithic times has mankind undergone simultaneous changes in economic, social, political, and intellectual relationships of such far-reaching consequences. . . . The characteristic feature of twentieth-century history has been the vast expansion in the size, scale of transactions, and complexity and technicality of functions that political, social, and economic organizations exhibit. This expansion . . . was itself made possible by the growth of mass populations and by the development of technologies that could sustain the colossal scale of organization. Just as business firms expanded far beyond the point at which they could be operated, directed, and controlled effectively by individual owners and their families, who generally lacked the technical skills to manage them, so the state also underwent a transformation in scale that removed it from the control of traditional elites, citizens, and their legal representatives. Just as in the mass corporations a new elite of professional managers emerged that replaced the traditional entrepreneurial or bourgeois elite of businessmen, so in the state also a new elite of professionally trained managers or bureaucrats developed that challenged and generally became dominant over the older political elites of aristocrats and amateur politicians who occupied formal offices of government. . . . A similar process occurred in labor unions, professional associations, churches, educational institutions, military organizations and the organs of mass communication and cultural expression.

Even for conservatives unversed in Burnham, this analysis should strike chords, reminding them of how the old hardware store their dad used to patronize was bulldozed to make way for a five-acre strip mall. Or maybe of their own family's business, bought out a generation ago by a corporate conglomerate that was itself soon swallowed by off-shore investors.

Even if some political liberals object—as many did in the NAFTA debate—to certain consequences of this "managerial revolution," they have already abandoned the key to countering it successfully. As Francis writes in "As We Go Marching," an essay critical of making American foreign policy a crusade for democracy:

> Like the man who believes that milk comes from supermarkets rather than from the careful cultivation of cows, liberals and democrats believe that freedom comes from the procedures themselves, and they ignore or take for granted the underlying and largely invisible social and cultural substratum that allows procedural liberalism and democracy to flourish. Unlike Hayek, they fail to recognize that "freedom is not a state of nature but an artifact of civilization."

In *Beautiful Losers*, Samuel Francis stakes his claim as one of the most important conservative thinkers of our time. His work compliments the efforts of an earlier generation of American conservatives who focused on defining and celebrating the "social and cultural substratum" on which our freedom rests. His unique and valuable contribution has been to define the forces that threaten that freedom, while offering a framework within which we can fight to preserve it.

Terence P. Jeffrey is executive director of the American Cause Foundation.

Uprooting Liberty

by Jeffrey Tucker

Grassroots Tyranny
by Clint Bolick
Washington: The Cato Institute;
194 pp., $12.95

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You may have thought this country's problems stemmed from runaway central government, but Clint Bolick is here to tell you that the real threat is down the street. "Local government in its various forms is today probably more destructive of individual liberty than even the national government," says Bolick, chief lawyer of the Institute for Justice, a litigation group in Washington, D.C. In *Grassroots Tyranny*, he argues that decentralism is fine so long as no community violates "individual liberty." But because every conceivable action involves such liberty, old-fashioned federalism should be thrown out as "an impediment to freedom" and replaced by centralized power that would manage the political affairs of every state and locality in America.

Such views are nothing new, of course. Modern liberals—like New Dealers, Progressives, and Radical Republicans before them—have long made the same argument (centralize state power) on the same grounds (to make people free). It's no surprise that Nadine Strossen, president of the ACLU, endorses the Bolick thesis; it is her own as well. What is both surprising and maddening is that Bolick writes as a libertarian, a defender of private property and the free market. Centralized government power, he argues, is the only way to protect them. We've witnessed the ascendancy of "big-government conservatives" in Washington. Clint Bolick and friends are joining them as big-government libertarians.

A former top aide to Clarence Thomas at the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission, Bolick is credited with destroying Lani Guinier, Clinton's pick to head civil rights enforcement. That event catapulted him and his organization to national fame. Only a few years before, he was prosecuting cases for the Department of Justice, the most famous of which was against the city of

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Yonkers, New York. Fearing crime and lower property values, Yonkers refused to erect public housing units in high-income areas and impose school busing. This was "grassroots tyranny," Bolick writes, but fortunately the feds "blew the whistle" on the city's "recalcitrance." "The brazen actions of the Yonkers city government to perpetuate segregation would have made the Southern white supremacists of yesteryear proud," he writes. As lead Justice Department attorney, he persuaded a federal judge to force the city to accept 200 units of subsidized housing over the objections of elected local officials.

Bolick's appeal to abstract liberty often overrides concern for concrete liberty, as his treatment of the Robert Mapplethorpe affair clearly demonstrates. Cincinnati's Contemporary Arts Center signed up for the exhibit, even though it knew the photos probably violated local laws. As the gallery opened to the public, the sheriff's department, in cooperation with a grand jury, ordered that seven of the 175 photos be taken down, two of them on grounds that they constituted child pornography. This local action, says Bolick, is a prime example of "grassroots tyranny" and a violation of the freedom of speech. After all, the photos were of "flowers and nude people," including "homoerotic photos and portraits of children taken with their parents' permission. Most of the people in attendance were merely enjoying the exhibition." As Bolick tells the story, the Contemporary Arts Center's lawyers "countered with an action against the local authorities. Within a few days, Judge Carl Rubin granted an injunction against the city officials. 'You may not remove any photographs,' Rubin instructed the authorities. 'You may not close the exhibit to the public.'" Rubin is, of course, a *federal* judge.

A local community tries to prevent the public exhibition of child pornography and is overruled by a federal judge: this is liberty battling "grassroots tyranny"? Surely not, or else the entire libertarian tradition of decentralism is wrong. Rubin, moreover, seems an unlikely libertarian. Just recently, Rubin forced DuPont to junk its seniority system on the grounds that it kept blacks from professional advancement and to pay a $14 million fine. Is this another example of the federal judiciary promoting freedom? One year before his Mapplethorpe ruling, Rubin went on a slowdown strike to protest Congress's failure to grant him an immediate $45,000 raise. "I'm not willing to take this lying down," he told the *Cincinnati Enquirer*. So we have a federal judge who overrules local obscenity laws and doesn't hesitate to control the affairs of private companies or to demand a taxpayer-funded pay raise. These actions have in common a reliance upon a simple arrogation of power. These days, federal judges intervene regularly to violate community norms, raise local property taxes, hamper local police, subvert local schools, and crush private decision-making in business. Isn't there something odd about a self-described libertarian cheering this?

Bolick's bias toward federal power includes not just the creation of law but also its execution. For example, he denounces the officers who "brutally beat" Rodney King and justifies the L.A. riots on grounds of the "pent-up outrage that exists over police brutality in the inner city." Thank goodness, then, that the feds could overrule the local verdict, retry the policemen, and appeal their jail sentences when the new judge didn't put them away for good.

Bolick, astoundingly, is concerned that "the national government pales in comparison to the size and scope of local governments. . . . State and local governments comprise 500,000 elected officials and 13 million appointed officials, compared with 2 million civilian employees at the federal level." It doesn't matter that the two million control the other 13, plus the rest of the citizenry, or that some of the 13 million are genuinely public-spirited Americans serving part-time in county and other local governments. Bolick says there are 80,000 local governments and only one federal government, as if Uncle Sam is outcompeted. Under the sort of constitutional republic the Founders established, we would be glad to hear that there were not 80,000 but 160,000 or 240,000. More local governments would suggest decentralization and a decline in overall government power, just as secessionist sentiment in Europe is a good sign for liberty. If fewer and more centralized governments are to be preferred to many decentralized ones, the next logical step would favor the transfer of federal power to the United Nations, providing it promised to enforce "individual rights." It is then a small step to full-blown global war to secure democracy and rights in all corners of the globe.

Bolick claims that *Federalist* No. 10 warns against local tyranny. As any honest reading shows, however, Madison penned this eloquent letter as a warning against local *democracy* (mostly a pejorative term until this century). Democracies, Madison said, "have in general been as short in their lives as they have been violent in their deaths." (Also in Number 10, Madison denounces egalitarianism, a theory which "erroneously supposed that by reducing mankind to a perfect equality in their political rights, they would at the same time be perfectly equalized and assimilated in their possessions, their opinions, and their passions.") This essay is an argument for a federal republic, not for overriding state and local jurisdiction.

In any case, the Madisonian Republic was systematically undermined through judicial imperialism, further amendments to the Constitution, "incorporation," and wars, so that we now confront the worst of both worlds: mass democracy and federal tyranny to prevent any local republics from emerging. For example, the federal government has made a particular practice of overriding state and local elections it deems unfair. What would the federal government do to a small town that attempted to establish a Madisonian republic by restricting the vote to, say, literate property-owning heads of families? The Institute for Justice would bring the first suit against this "infraction of individual liberty."

"The states' rights conservatives," claims Bolick, "assume that state power and individual sovereignty are necessarily coincidental." That would indeed be stupid. Traditional conservatives and classical liberals argue that one aspect of liberty is decentralized government; the claim sums up the older view of what constituted political liberty or "free government," government closer to the people. You can sometimes beat city hall, but hardly ever the executive department of the federal government. In the American context, centralization and tyranny are linked, both historically and culturally.

Bolick ridicules Robert Bork's argument that decentralism sets up competition among governments, as if Bork were the only person who ever made the argument. Nonetheless, the point stands: under decentralization people can vote (or threaten to vote) with their feet. Every town in America has a ruling

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elite, no doubt, and even petty degrees of power tend to corrupt; yet no good end is served by appointing a larger oppressor to rule over a smaller one. "Experience has demonstrated over and over again," wrote John Taylor of Caroline, "that a free government cannot subsist in union with extravagance, heavy taxation, exclusive privileges, or with any established process by which a great amount of property is annually transferred to unproductive employments. Such a system is tyranny."

Grassroots Tyranny is false advertising for individual liberty, a concept that was once set against collectivist claims for centralized power. But one doesn't need to follow Bolick's argument very far to realize that he uses the terms "individual liberty" and "individual rights" in a deceptive way. He does not mean the rights and liberty of people to be free from federal tyranny: he means the right of the federal government to use liberty as an excuse to trample on all lower orders of government, the community, and the family. As for states' rights, he tells us in the old bromide that "states don't have rights. States have powers. People have rights." Frank Chodorov—individualist, anarchist, and champion of capitalism—had a more sophisticated view. In the context of a defense of the South against the encroachment of civil rights laws, he said: "As long as anything is left of our tradition of States' Rights, the danger of absolutism in this country can be avoided." Bolick doesn't seem to have the slightest understanding of why Chodorov—and multitudes of serious thinkers before him—thought federalism was important.

Bolick's current preoccupation is litigating for "school choice," including taxpayer-funded vouchers for private education. His Institute for Justice has filed lawsuits all over the country demanding tax dollars for low-income students so they can go to private school. Cut through the rhetoric, and you find that these voucher plans would erase school-district lines and subject voucher-taking private schools to "national standards." Would they do to every community in the country what Bolick did to poor Yonkers? If nothing else, this book should help alert people to what "school choice" might really mean.

Jeffrey Tucker is editor of the Free Market, *a publication of the Ludwig von Mises Institute.*

Carpe Diem

by James Scruton

The Museum of Clear Ideas
by Donald Hall
New York: Ticknor and Fields; 120 pp., $18.95

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Years ago, in his essay "Football Red and Baseball Green," Murray Ross contrasted the battlefield dynamics of the former with the latter's ostensibly more pastoral qualities. By virtue of its subtle but intense mannerisms, its lack of time limit and essentially cyclic action—a "summer game" that in fact encompasses spring's renewal and autumn's decline—baseball has long been regarded as the "poet's game." (The *Oxford English Dictionary* credits Whitman with the earliest printed instance of the term "baseball.") Donald Hall, one of America's foremost men of letters, has long concurred with this view. Though he has written about other sports, it has been baseball—"this daily game," as he puts it—that has remained a preoccupation through four decades of essays, memoirs, children's books, criticism, and poems. Always, there have been poems.

As *The Museum of Clear Ideas* amply shows, baseball is still the poet's game. The book's title section falls between two shorter sequences of poems—"Baseball" and "Extra Innings"—as if between the foul lines in Fenway Park. The nine innings of "Baseball" set out to explain our national pastime to a late German collage artist. Perhaps collage and poem resemble baseball itself, "assemblages of ordinary things" that ultimately constitute a kind of order for the viewer, reader, or fan. Indeed, the game lends Hall a vocabulary to address matters urgent but often difficult to discuss: loss, illness, aging, death. When he devotes the first inning of "Baseball" to "false starts," he alludes not only to a pitcher's balk and to games halted by rain but to one's own wrong moves and self-thwarted days. As with a balk, he points out, the game continues, we falter and go on, "the runners move up."

The poet borrows from the sport's formal structure as well, employing strict nine-syllable lines in nine-line stanzas in each of the innings. This overall arrangement seems as natural, even inevitable, as the layout of a ballpark; the whole poem has a pleasing angle to it, an odd rightness that fits baseball's own "enterprise of ongoingness." This can make the book's best passages difficult to quote out of context, akin to good pitches thrown to get out of a tough inning. Sometimes Hall strikes out the side, as when he wickedly prophesies that by 2028 more folks will have MFAs than VCRs, forcing the NEA to offer poets government subsidies *not* to write. More often, however, his subject is closer to home; in particular, Hall examines the nature of lost time and the various means by which we avoid thinking about where time eventually leads.

By the middle innings, Hall's interest—like a tiring pitcher's—is in maintaining some control over his stuff, "as if language were a grid / for athletes." We see that his purpose in "Baseball" is not to explain how the game is played but *why* it's played and what this can mean: "the generation / of old players hanging on, the young coming up." This sense of a quickly closing (and perhaps final) season murmurs in the poem's background like a hometown crowd anxious for the daily rally that never comes. Unlike the fan, the poet—in real life battling diabetes and cancer—cannot say "Wait till next year." Still, baseball offers him familiar terms for observing the passing days:

> By the railroad goldenrod stiffens;
> asters begin a late pennant drive
> in front of the barn; pink
> hollyhocks
> wilt and sag like teams out of the
> race.

The three poems in "Extra Innings" capitalize on baseball's (and poetry's) value as "an alternative to days," much as Robert Frost once defined poetry as "a momentary stay against confusion." But the respite *is* only momentary; accordingly, Hall adds a syllable per line, a line per stanza, a stanza per inning—all of it building inexorably toward what will be the final out.

At the center—or pitcher's mound, as it were—of the book is Hall's other "daily game," a poet's chronicle of work and rest, love and loss. "The Museum of Clear Ideas" imitates the *Odes* of Horace in their praise of common fears and desires, the mingled grief and joy of each day's "offering of pleasure." Eagle

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Pond's ice gives way to April, lovers betray and reconcile, the body fights illness and age. In this museum the clearest idea on display is the battle against complacency; one poem, honoring pioneers of flight such as Leonardo and the Wright Brothers, moves from buoyancy to cataclysm in just a few lines: "ingenuity / and courage sustained them their moment's release / from the ponderable weight / of gravity. . . . But they / prepared us Dresden's fire and Nagasaki's." While most of the poems here are less grim, they consistently argue a quietly dignified *carpe diem* by their titles alone: "Winter's asperity mollifies," "The times are propitious," "We explore grief's . . ."

These poignant balances indeed clarify the daily game called mortality, yet not in a way that precludes Hall's considerable wit. For example, the opening gag in "Mercury, descendant" (as in "descendant" from Henry Ford's Model T!) gives way to the final line's "procession of motors following / a sable Lincoln." Elsewhere, Hall can sting with a rich venom, his prey sometimes literary ("Let many bad poets"), sometimes political or economic ("Praise Mammon-Mazda"). Yet even in the satiric glee of such poems a reader can discern a deeper sense of regret and self-accusation, as if the various personae represented Hall's own voice at different points in his notable career.

This career—the "play" of words as the poet's "work"—is itself the subject of Hall's most recent prose. Yet where *The Museum of Clear Ideas* turns out to be as satisfying and memorable as a championship season, *Life Work* bears the tone of an already remembered one. Near the end of this "essay-book," in fact, Hall (recuperating from surgery to remove his liver cancer) writes of having just begun a "new longish poem" that seems to him to give off "a posthumous odor." If the scent wafts through *Life Work*, it manages to do so in a way not altogether somber.

A diary-*cum*-essay on people and themes Hall's readers have come to expect, *Life Work* parallels his ancestors' work on the land with his own work on the page. From the start, he admits the dubiousness of the comparison ("I've never worked a day in my life"), all the while reserving the right to make it. Turning from the daily game of poetry, his plan here is to write each day "a few pages . . . about my own work and the sensibilities I derive from my parents and my grandparents. Oh, I have many notions about work."

So he does. Hall writes mordantly in praise of the compulsive, serving up anecdotes culled from a lifetime's reading, writing, and teaching. We hear how the sculptor Henry Moore—for Hall a model of devotion to craft—at 80 built a new graphic studio next to his house in order to extend his workday. Others appear similarly admirable for their worklust in old age: Frost, Emerson, Freud, Henry James. More admirable still are Hall's own forebears, the New England farmers and dairymen and jacks-of-all-trades whose ghosts continue to haunt Hall's Mount Kearsarge and Ragged Mountain, his Eagle Pond Farm, his poems. From his Connecticut grandfather he inherits the ethic of "woik-woik-woik"; from the New Hampshire side of the family, "wuk-wuk-wuk." Even the farm's outbuildings hold to this philosophy, doing their part:

> The cowbarn lay along Ragged's
> incline, the west side
> dropping down, manure pile
> underneath tie-up and pigpen
> beside manure pile. The east wall
> underneath the barn
> is huge slabs of granite wedged
> against Ragged's earth.

Throughout his daily ruminations Hall tests the various definitions of his subject. "There are jobs, there are chores, and there is work," he tells us; we push through the first and second kinds of labor to reward ourselves with the third. He argues that, more than "what we do to feed ourselves and keep ourselves warm," to work is to devote our lives to some endeavor. For Hall this can be summed up in a term he borrows from the Indian novelist Gurcharan Das, *absorbedness*. That is, the contentment resulting from "work so engrossing that you do not know that you are working."

As age and failing health impinge upon his peace of mind, the writing continues to absorb him, keeping him from wondering how little time he may have left: "I cannot stop speculating—except when I work." Such an aesthetic has been Donald Hall's commitment. Accordingly, he quotes from the Gospel of John at the start of *Life Work*: "We must work the works of him who sent me, while it is day: night comes, when no one can work." Hall extends that injunction through each page of this fine "essay-book," reminding us that even as we work against the night we are as well working toward it. In small tasks and large, "woik" or "wuk," we seek *absorbedness*. For there is, as Hall puts it at the end of *Life Work*, "only one long-term project."

James Scruton, an assistant professor of English at Bethel College, is the author of After the Children's Hour *(Cloverdale, 1992).*

LIBERAL ARTS

CLOTHES MAKE THE MAN?

A group of white girls received death threats and bomb threats for wearing urban black clothing and hair styles to their high school in Morocco, Indiana. As the *Chicago Tribune* reported last December, Kerry and Andrea Van Winkle stopped going to classes at North Newton Junior-Senior High School after they were verbally and physically harassed for their "hip-hop" clothing. "I can't send them back to that school," complained their mother, Marianne Van Winkle. "I can't. I don't feel they will be safe there. I don't even feel safe enough to go there to withdraw them from the school. Their education has been totally ruined. This is Andrea's senior year. It has messed up her grades so bad."

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Letter From Indiana

by William L. Isley, Jr.

Bo Gritz and Middle America

◆

"You want to go see Bo Gritz burn the U.N. flag?" My libertarian neighbor Bill, during the final days of the last presidential campaign, was making me an offer I couldn't refuse. I have always been half-frustrated by my failure to take advantage of all those radical activities in my college days during the 60's. This looked like a great opportunity to make up for lost time.

On the way down, Bill filled me in on the details. Bo Gritz was running for President of the United States and speaking at the Indianapolis Baptist Temple, the flagship—or at least the most combative—fundamentalist church in Indianapolis. The church was hosting a conference of the American Coalition of Unregistered Churches, a group of congregations that refuses to register with the IRS in order to avoid governmental control of religion.

Bo Gritz, in case you don't know him, is a lieutenant colonel and former Green Beret. He led an unsuccessful MIA rescue mission into Southeast Asia and helped negotiate the surrender of survivalist Randall Weaver to the various forces that had surrounded his home. According to Bo, he speaks Chinese and Swahili, so he's no dummy. He's no coward either. He claims that the Justice and State departments told him he would spend 15 years in jail if he did not forget what he knew about government drug-trafficking in Burma. He didn't and was tried, but acquitted.

After Bill and I arrived, we walked past Bo's "campaign headquarters," a trailer with a lot of flags. I was encouraged. After all, a low-budget campaign probably augured a low-budget government. Since I am not a fundamentalist and since we were late, I was rather nervous, but the atmosphere was relaxed. There were children and parents milling freely around the entrance and even in the auditorium. Here at least were people for whom the phrase family values undoubtedly held some meaning.

Candidate Gritz had already begun his speech. I was immediately impressed by the high level of discourse at this political rally. Of course, candidate Gritz had his share of clichés. "America is a great Christian nation." "Let's take America back." Best of all was his campaign symbol—a plunger to be used for the removal of federal bureaucratic waste. The audience, which consisted mainly of apparently lower-middle-class and not highly educated church-goers, seemed to follow all of this with a good deal of enthusiasm and interest. It made me realize how pathetically inept and uninformative are our contemporary political speeches. Surely the impatience of television is the major problem. As if to prove my point, the TV cameras never entered the church to cover the speech, but waited outside to take a picture of the flag-burning, the media event.

I was also confirmed in my belief that Republican "moderates" are out of touch with the interests of Middle Americans. Particularly striking was the fact that Bo's strongest attacks were made on the very accomplishments of which Republicans have been most proud. Mentioning the "great victory" of the Persian Gulf War, Bo promised that he will not send troops overseas but will fight for everything within the boundaries of the United States. Bo Gritz, to some of the loudest applause of the afternoon, spoke of "world tyranny" and a "Luciferian system." To the hisses of the audience, he quoted from Republican speeches advocating the use of U.N. troops as "preventative peacekeeping forces" to maintain internal order in all nations and pledging allegiance to the "sacred U.N. charter." He then called for our withdrawal from the U.N. Bo's speech comes to mind while I watch our U.N.-controlled soldiers return home in body bags from our "humanitarian" mission in Somalia.

Regarding "free trade" pacts like NAFTA, he says he is for fair trade because "free trade means America on her knees licking the foreign hand that feeds it." He wants an America that is self-reliant and not dependent on foreign trade. (I had a few misgivings at this point. Does this mean I have to drink only California wines? I decided, however, not to raise the question in a Baptist church.) He stated that "communism and free enterprise are belly up" and, with some not so gentle swipes at David Rockefeller, that what we have in America is "corporate fascism." In contrast to my experience of the 60's, Bo did not mean to use the word fascist as a swear word for anyone to the right of the SDS; rather, he was attempting to use it in a manner somewhat equivalent to its original sense, to describe our present system of collusion between the government and multinational corporations to promote their respective monopolies.

These negative reactions to Republican policies in international politics and economics represent a crucial value in most Middle Americans' lives, which Republican moderates seem only to have the vaguest notion of and apparently no tolerance for. Middle Americans are nationalistic or, perhaps better put, patriotic. When Bo Gritz suggested that we not send any troops overseas, but rather sell weapons to foreign countries, the man seated next to me laughed and said, "Yeah, and then they can use them to kill each other." While I do not think that most Middle Americans would go so far, and while I think my Christian brother would find his sentiment hard to justify in the light of the faith, it seems clear to me that most of us in these parts are concerned first with what is best for our country and are strongly suspicious of all these foreign endeavors by our government. People generally want to help, but not at the cost of our national sovereignty or economic health.

Our native patriotism and even our desire to help can and have been used by the federal government to draw us into international conflicts. Most people's support here of the Persian Gulf War was due not to their commitment to the New World Order, but rather to patriotic pride in our nation's military, just as much of the support for the Vietnam War was a patriotic reaction to leftist criticism of everything American. One hopes that American citizens will grow more suspicious of this renewed internationalism and interventionism. Perhaps when they see that it is actually being used to maintain a large government bureaucracy in the post-Cold War era and

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not really to act on private Americans' charitable concern for other human beings, they will bring it to a halt.

Republicans have long dominated presidential elections, but now that the Democrats have captured Washington, there is bound to be some reexamination of this notion. Indeed the current infighting seems to suggest that the scapegoat will be the true conservative wing of the party, especially the religious right, and that there will be a move toward the "center." The so-called moderates will attempt, as they did at the 1992 Republican Convention, to get rid of the anti-abortion plank of the platform. If they succeed, it will mean that the Republican Party will have been reduced for the foreseeable future to a minority party.

What the moderates seem to have forgotten is that *Roe* v. *Wade* brought fundamentalist and evangelical Christians into the political process, often for the first time. Ronald Reagan's support of them on the abortion issue and on many others made them one of the Republican Party's strongest blocs of support. It is clear that Bush was elected because he was seen, albeit illegitimately, as a successor to Reagan's views. Pat Robertson recently said that 50 percent of born-again Christians eligible to vote went for Clinton. Of course, the economy was an issue, but it was not just that. At the Baptist Temple it was clear that these people, who in all likelihood voted for Reagan, were completely alienated from the Republican Party. Indeed, in my conversations before the election I met with no one who was a strong supporter of Bush, only people who did not want to vote for Clinton or Perot. The reason for this lack of support was that George Bush never understood "the vision thing." The Scriptures say that for want of a vision the people will perish. It is clear that a political party will perish, too.

After we had all assembled outside, candidate Gritz, along with several ministers and even more obscure presidential candidates, set fire to the U.N. flag. While it was burning, we all sang "God Save America" and offered up a prayer for our nation. I hope that what symbolically went up in smoke that day was not the grand vision of the failed Reagan Revolution, perhaps the last attempt to return this country to a set of principles that are recognizably American.

William L. Isley, Jr., writes from Carmel.

Letter From Philadelphia

by James L. Sauer

Women's History Month

◆

April is the cruelest month, according to Mr. Eliot. But I believe March is crueller. For March is Women's History Month, and from out of every crevice and dark hole, like Orcs scurrying from J.R.R. Tolkien's Minas Morgul, come she-things swinging their war-axes, craving blood and ideological battle. Behold, the wrath of Mordor.

Feminism is no longer an option; in this, the Fourth Age of Middle Earth, it is a mandatory torture. It is in our textbooks, in our libraries, in our media, in our churches, in our businesses. We all must suffer through it. And now, unfortunately, we must pass through a secular Feast of the Feminist Obsession on a yearly basis. We must intone our solidarity; worry about the statistical anomaly of the 70 cents each woman makes to each man's dollar; and strike our breasts (not theirs) and repent of the sins of patriarchy and male oppression.

Ladies' History Month is important to the gals. Somehow, they have developed this incredible inferiority complex and think recounting the exploits of various females of the species for one month will even things up against the patriarchal prigs who have dominated human history. Men, after all, have had this incredible habit of working, inventing, writing, battling, composing, building, destroying, and otherwise shaping the facades of society from time immemorial.

Women, on the other hand, have traditionally been responsible only for bringing human beings into existence and nurturing all that is good at the family hearth, not important things like having careers as sewage treatment specialists. But the Ma and Pa Cleaver era is over, and new gods have conquered old. Yaweh must move over for the goddess within, while New Order Womyn make their covenant with death, as Isaiah says: "You burn with lust among the oaks . . . and you sacrifice your children in the ravines . . . you uncovered your bed, you climbed into it and opened it wide . . . you descended to the grave itself."

The liberal churches long ago gave in to the demand for a Gender Inclusive Divinity. They pray to the Ground of Being and worship the Sacred It. This is a malady of modernism that only recently has affected the more conservative branches of Christendom: Catholicism and Evangelicalism. Yet even as we

LIBERAL ARTS

A LIBERAL EDUCATION

Faculty and officials at the University of Iowa have protested a new requirement that they warn students before showing sexually graphic material in class, reported the *New York Times* last December. The Iowa Board of Regents had imposed the requirement after a landmark gay film, "Taxi to the Bathroom," shown in a September 1991 German class led to complaints by students, parents, alumni, and legislators.

When a teaching assistant in the art department subsequently showed a local artist's eight-minute video depicting men engaging in oral sex, the Regents responded by ordering the University of Iowa, Iowa State University, and the University of Northern Iowa to establish policies to protect students. While the Regents' president, Marvin Berenstein, called the University of Iowa policy nothing more than a courtesy to students, the teaching assistant attributed it to "an atmosphere of homophobia."

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write, the Fell Darkness is Rising: Black Riders, like circuit preachers from the Pit, straddling side-saddle, preach the New Gospel of Unisex Deity. A Catholic bishop in the Northeast announces a new gender-inclusive liturgy, while Evangelical organizations dedicated to removing the last remnants of male headship in church and family gain ground. Human egalitarianism has replaced the *summum bonum* of the Gloria Dei, and religious colleges press on toward the New Order by adopting inclusive language guidelines. Says one: "For many persons, both male and female, Jesus' address of God as 'my/our Father' has a meaning which transcends the otherwise limiting male image. For others, the designation of God as 'Father' has such distinct masculine dimensions that the more inclusive designation of God as 'parent' expresses their understanding of God's care more appropriately." Meanwhile, one of the lesbians in residence at our institution passes out a local homosexual newsrag, informing us of AIDS and lesbian safe-sex practices. Where feminism is, can sodomy be far behind?

One local art display commemorating Women's History Month last year consisted of the following "works of art": "Transference"—two man-shaped targets set behind broken windowpanes; "Magic Isn't Always an Illusion," depicting a brightly colored collection of perversely ornamented children's toys—blocks with nails through them, a little doll chopped up and put in a metal box; "Addicted to Pain" continues the broken window and chopped-up doll motif; "It's all in her head II" contains a dim shadow-figure impaling a woman—all overlaid with chains, wire mesh, and a little figurine hanging by the neck. Delightful, isn't it? But there's more. "I Can't Wake Up" displays a woman being crushed under some strange device of torture—yellow, black, and blood-red images are overlaid with torn lace. Nails are driven into the creature's heart while Nazgûl-like Shades lurk behind. In "Has Anyone Seen This Child" is a hint of incest, a montage that provokes despair as one sees the repeated picture and note of a child saying: "I am a good little girl worthy of love. I am not responsible for the bad things that happened. I am telling the truth." Yes, it is powerful feminist art, but it is also sick. Broken-brained. It's all in her head and she can't wake up. It is womanhood turned into itself; a cancer of the uterus, imaginative hysteria, a snake pit.

Compared to this, Tolkien's utterly masculine literary dreams seem almost delicate and feminine: his touching displays of friendship, loyalty; of Sam Gamgee holding Frodo Baggins' hand (nothing hobbit-erotic here); of domestic life and self-sacrifice, of duty and Elvish beauty. Nor does the modern woman-mind reflect those three Tolkien images of the feminine: Galadriel, Elven queen, awesome incarnation of otherworldliness; Eowyn of Rohan, Rider of the Mark, a brave Joan of Arc figure who slays the King of the Ringwraiths but is herself conquered by the love of Faramir, a Warrior; the Entwives, creatures who love the domestic. "For the Entwives desired order, and plenty, and peace (by which they meant that things should remain where they had set them). So the Entwives made gardens to live in. But [the] Ents went on wandering."

Modern feminism expresses something more tangibly sad: the almost physical emanation of the female mind ripped apart by a dark vision. Orc thinking. Anger. Hatred. Loathing of Nature. Necromancy. Revulsion at natural order. Lesbianism. Disgust at the maternal. Rape. Madness. Night. Dismembered babies. Emptiness. As Ben Browne points out in *Kiss of Eve—Kiss of Death*, "The affinity of the feminist spirit for death . . . is almost uncanny. . . . Feminism, as intoned and acted out in the culture of the Western World, is the bearer of a hostile spirit inherently inimical to the spirit of life."

Feminists are not happy people. But happiness is possible, as Tolkien has shown, in romance. Only the fairy-tale world can reconstruct mental order and imaginative peace. In this sterile modern world, like a dream sent from the Dark Lord, men and women are trapped in Two Towers, separated from each other and in need of a holy, and terrible, adventure called family life. Feminism is a spell, a bane, a curse. Women are like queens who have come under its poison sway. Men need to be heroes and fight back, to lead, to woo. Dragons die when knights appear. The War of the Sexes awaits the return of the King. The battle of the marriage bed awaits the Fellowship of the Ring.

James L. Sauer is a college library director in the Philadelphia area. He celebrates a Fellowship of the Ring with his Entwife Paula and their six Entings.

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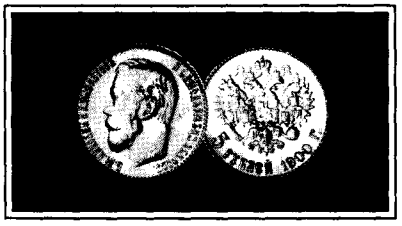

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Anna Mycek-Wodecki

The Third Side in the Culture War

by Frederick Turner

I want to talk to people who have been shaken out of themselves by art, who have heard a piece of Mozart's *Magic Flute* reach out and grab them by the heart, who have seen the grave look on Flora's face as she steps out of Botticelli's *Primavera* the way the gods always do, lit by a light too powerful to be quite shown, to those who have heard a line of Shakespeare so that it rang again and again in their ears—"Not mine own fears, nor the prophetic soul / Of the wide world dreaming on things to come."

All great art leads beyond anything we have ever known, and this is as true now as it has ever been. It is culture communing with itself and generating a new spring, just like the flowers of Botticelli's painting pouring out of the mouth of April; it's the prophetic soul of the wide world. It's like great religious rituals, or like the awful majesty of the state, but in a playful, conditional, subjunctive mood; it's not authoritarian but infinitely vulnerable; all you have to do is to stop listening or watching or reading and it goes away, not like the authorities of the church or the state, who will come and clamp your head and stick matchsticks between your eyelids to make sure you are properly reeducated.

The heroic modernists—Picasso, Joyce, Stravinsky—all knew this; but their successors today—and alas, those who oppose them, too—have forgotten. I want to talk about the two sides in the art wars and propose a third side, which isn't a side at all but the real opening to the future. Real art cannot be politically correct, whether the correction comes from the right or the left. Art is the continuing revelation of the divine plan, but it is a divine plan that is making it up as it goes along, the divine plan of a live, not a dead, god; and it is a revelation that dribbles out in the uncertain fits and starts of human inspiration.

The disgusting Whitney show recently in New York is disgusting not because it is obscene but because it is boring; it is immoral not because it shows things normally hidden—everybody already knows what genitals look like—but because it is an expression of a ruthless linear authority as cruel, stupid, and repressive as any totalitarian government censor. Botticelli painted naked ladies and gents, and Shakespeare has his Cornwall gouge out the eyes of Gloucester on stage and step on them, and Sophocles makes a tragic hero of a man who goes to bed with his mother; these scenes are not obscene, because they are held within a greater conception of the meaning of human life. Modernism has lost its noble and idealistic vision of that meaning; and postmodernism makes a virtue of not having such a conception at all, which is very convenient for the tribe of venal and unintellectual mediocrities who now infest the arts and for whom a really artistic view of the world would be so cognitively dissonant, so tragic, and so full of feeling that it would destroy their world. In other words, I attack the postmodern arts scene not for its excess of intellectuality, but for its wretched failure of intellect; I blame it not for being shocking, but for not being shocking enough.

We see now a postmodernist artistic establishment that is really at heart a village atheist's tract. It is a naive rejection of morality as authoritarian that fails to reckon with the brutal authority of all the human addictions, to power, to sex, to our various civilized drugs, to the seductions of victimhood and self-excuse, to the violence and automatism and bestial appetite of the human body that go along with its divine sensitivity and power and capacity for joy. It is a credulous and unthinking commitment to the theory of the social construction of reality, that is, that human beings, and the world itself, are simply artifacts of the texts that include them, texts written by dead white European males—and that the solution to the problem is simply to replace those texts with texts written by alive colored Third World females or gays—both types of texts being underwritten by the coercive power of the state. It is an ignorant rejection of scientific truth and of the objective pursuit of knowledge through inquiry and experiment. It is a throwing aside of all the ancient human crafts and genres of art, those marvelous techniques of melody and drawing and meter and storytelling that are the same all over the world from one culture to another, on the given grounds that they are Western or patriarchal impositions—when really it is because the new so-called artists are too lazy and untalented and incurious and justifiably insecure to learn them. It is the expression of a social theory—that of Stalin, to be precise—that has been as thoroughly discredited by historical atrocity as the ideas of Hitler and that the rest of the world has rejected against great odds. It is the expression of a physical theory of the universe as linear, deterministic, running down into greater and greater disorder, in which value cannot be created but only appropriated from others and at best shared out by the enlightened brahmins of bureaucratic government.

But we must pay attention to how we got to this place. The ideas of Marx, Nietzsche, Freud, and Wittgenstein, which have been recycled endlessly by their epigones Foucault, Derrida, and Lacan and then by still less original artistic followers of the followers, were originally grand and bold intellectual achievements. Even if they were wrong in their answers, they asked marvelous questions. What is the relationship between economic value and other kinds of value, like truth, beauty, goodness? How should one choose between different coherent moral systems, and is there a warrant for living a moral life without being

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bribed to do so by God? Is a human being only his or her waking consciousness? How can we repair the leaky boat of language when we are already embarked on it? My chief intellectual objection to contemporary modernists and postmodernists is not that they ask the questions but that they do not have the guts to face up to the new answers that are emerging from research and experience, answers very different from the ones originally given.

It is precisely the importance of these questions that leads me to reject the understandable reaction of many on the political right, who in their insulted outrage want to suppress the artists and go back to a pretty, safe, comfortable official art that never really existed. The right-wing attack on gays, for instance, is a tragic mistake, as the delightful Camille Paglia points out. There is a much better critique of contemporary art than the one that such guardians of morality can offer: and that critique, and especially the new and exciting answers to the great questions, are what I call the third side.

If we look at contemporary science we see that the universe is not a linear, deterministic system running down into disorder, but a nonlinear, creative, unpredictable process of evolution into more and more subtle, self-reflective, and beautiful forms of order. If we look at contemporary politics we see that entirely noneconomic forces—human values—drive much of history, whether those values are creative, like Vaclav Havel's notion of democratic civil society, or destructive, like Slobodan Miloshevitch's notion of ethnic separatism. When we look at the human sciences we find that we are not machines but marvelous, free animals, cultural in our very nature and neurobiologically designed to work best in a noble and demanding moral system, in an inspiring aesthetic system, and in a context that believes truth can be meaningfully sought if never perfectly attained. We do have a human nature; that nature is cultural; that culture is classical, when we get it right; and classical culture is not a set of dead norms but an enormously creative and revelatory source of new realities, growing out of the old realities and grafted onto them. We find that art is not the arbitrary expression of a particular ethnic, social, and political conditioning but a flowering out of deep human roots that are common to all cultures; that there is a human classicism of art that is indeed not confined to European cultures, but of which Europe is a glorious example; and that true art is precisely the opposite of coercive politics. The new environmental science has shown us that nature does indeed exist and is not the invention of the rich and powerful—we cannot damage or destroy something that is not there, with its own real laws and tendencies, in the first place; a large part of the art of the future will be a kind of healing and gardening of the living planet. And language turns out to be not an arbitrary imposition on an unknowable reality but the next turn of accelerating reflectiveness in the evolutionary process.

There is already a growing number of artists in various fields who have begun to embrace the new paradigm and who will one day be seen as the pioneers of the next major historical phase in the arts—as Dante, Petrarch, Giotto, and Piero were for the Italian Renaissance, as Blake and Wordsworth were for English Romanticism. The contemporary establishment finds them threatening, but they are preparing their Armory Show, their Preface to the *Lyrical Ballads*, their *Defense of Poetry*.

Frederick Turner is Founders Professor of Arts and Humanities at the University of Texas at Dallas. He delivered this paper at a 1993 conference on "Winning the Culture War," organized by Pat Buchanan's American Cause Foundation.

Life on the Front Lines

by R. Cort Kirkwood

The Presidential Commission on Women in the Military

"I'm a trained killer," Army Captain Mimi Finch announced during a hearing of the Presidential Commission on the Assignment of Women in the Armed Forces. A thirtysomething graduate of the United States Military Academy at West Point, Captain Finch was the youngest member of the commission. Its job was to "assess the laws and policies governing the assignment of women in the armed forces," a fancy way of saying it would ponder the utility of girding Kathy Ireland's loins for combat, and as you can see, Captain Mimi figured her loins were girded. The Long Gray Line has done wonders for feminine self-esteem.

Amusingly, the captain was great with child when she unbosomed herself of this *pronunciamento* in response to a proposal from another commissioner, Brigadier General Sam Cockerham. General Cockerham, who fought in Korea and was a senior commander in Vietnam, wanted the commission to vote on the question of whether we, meaning the American people, should turn women into "trained killers." When Captain Finch told the general that he was still living down the street from Donna Reed, that women already were "trained killers" because they got to play Patton at West Point and Nimitz at Annapolis, one of the many unmarried men and childless women who attended the hearings with annoying regularity barked, "Yes!"

Whatever Captain Finch's skills with a bayonet while her child gestates in utero, General Cockerham had asked the right question. As a practical matter, everyone knows women can kill. The question is: As a matter of principle, propriety, and policy, should they do so in organized combat units? That's what General Cockerham wanted to debate. Problem was, the commission didn't want to debate that question because it would risk the ire of the man-hating harridans and their eunuchs in Washington, who have turned the Armed Services into a daycare center for single mothers and a finishing school for women who want to be men.

That's why the "trained killer" remark was one of several poignant moments during my tenure on the commission. It illuminated the problem with this commission in particular and all commissions in general: they don't answer questions or solve problems. It illustrated how silly the debate over American public policy has become, how banal those who participate in it truly are.

The Presidential Commission on the Assignment of Women in the Armed Forces found its genesis in the Persian Gulf War. During and after our smashing victory over Saddam Hussein's cowering legions in the Gulf, the news media treated the American people to tales of herculean women treading the hot

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desert sands where Lawrence of Arabia had made his name. Nearly 40,000 women served in Operations Desert Shield and Storm, and the reports emanating from both the Pentagon and the press were glowing, very much like the derring-do we heard about women who slung lead at Manuel Noriega's man-eating-dog compound during Operation Just Cause. In fact, no one said anything critical about women in the Gulf War. To the contrary, the Pentagon told the public (and later, the commission) that women were critical to the war effort, which in some sense is probably true because they held so many nontraditional positions. The Pentagon made it sound as if women had participated as organized combatants.

They hadn't, but this relentless blizzard of artfully sliced baloney prompted progressive thinkers everywhere to wonder whether we should expand the role of women in the Armed Forces. Not an institution to sit behind the eight ball for long, Congress created this presidential commission in the 1992 Defense Bill, which also repealed the legal ban on women flying fighter aircraft. Fifteen commissioners, appointed by President Bush, were to make recommendations to the President on all sorts of issues relating to women in the military, the three most important being whether they should fly combat aircraft, "man" combat ships, and suffer the rigors of ground combat. Congress gave the commission one year to study the issue. After hearing from nearly 300 witnesses in Washington, Chicago, Los Angeles, and Dallas and making trips to 32 military installations as well as one trip overseas, commissioners completed their task on time. By now everyone interested in the subject knows the results: no to women in fighter aircraft, no to women in ground combat, yes to women on combatant vessels. As we go to press, Defense Secretary Les Aspin is doing everything possible to remove even these few remaining barriers to women in combat.

I began working for the commission when Maggie Whelan, its director of communications and congressional affairs, hired me as media liaison, and I worked with a capable staff of talented, fairly conservative individuals who reflected Whelan's political stripe. Most of the commission's other employees worked for the research department. Its personnel were a polyglot collection of moderate Republicans and liberal Democrats who as a group favored what was euphemistically termed "expanding the role of women in the Armed Forces." Uh-huh.

Happily, I was not a member of this occasionally fractious department. My job was politically neutral and uncomplicated: attend the hearings; write the press releases; keep the news media, which was and is overwhelmingly in favor of women in combat, informed about the commission's activities. I had no role in deciding what to research, how to research it, or what information the commissioners needed to make their decisions. In fact, one commissioner even opined that my press releases were biased in favor of women in combat. Thus, even though I was a known quantity—a reactionary member of what Captain Finch called the "dark side"—no one could accuse me of prejudicing the commission's work.

Although the research department did outstanding work, gathering a solid body of information about women and the military, none of their efforts really mattered in the end. None of the commissioners came to their jobs *tabula rasa*, and from the beginning it was evident who stood where and how they would vote. Chairman Robert Herres, a retired four-star Air Force general and former vice-chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, retired Navy Admiral James Hogg, Marine General Thomas Draude, retired Army General Mary Clark, and of course the peripatetic and pregnant Captain Finch, all favored women in some form of combat, as did three others. Commissioners Kate O'Beirne of the Heritage Foundation, Elaine Donnelly of the Center for Military Readiness, retired Marine Colonel Ron Ray, Air Force Master Sergeant Sarah White, and General Cockerham took the opposite view.

Considering this disparate group of individuals, who ranged from the hard right to the hard feminist left, it's no surprise that the debate during hearings bordered on the pointless, especially as the commissioners began defining 17 issues on which they would vote. When Commissioner White introduced a motion to debate whether assigning women to combat would lead to rescinding the ban on homosexuals in the military, it fell to resounding defeat. According to General Draude, "it would defeat what we're attempting to do." Which begged the question: Just what *were* we attempting to do? Everyone, after all, was supposed to have joined the commission with an open mind. Another commissioner who privately favored women in combat said he would vote against his own position if someone could prove that opening combat assignments to women would pave the way for homosexuals. Yet he too spoke against discussing homosexuals because the subject was beyond the commission's purview. Commissioner White's proposal deserved debate, but the commission wasn't going to open that can of HIV-positive worms.

More evidence that the commission would never conduct real debate surfaced in the form of Colonel Ray's effort to persuade those who want women in combat to make an affirmative case for their position, a case that did not rely on civilian notions of equal opportunity. Make your case based on the needs of the military, Ray urged. "Is assigning women to combat militarily necessary?" he asked.

Of course not, and not one commissioner argued otherwise. Not one commissioner argued that the Air Force or Navy needed women to fly combat aircraft or command ships, or that the Army or Marines needed women to join the infantry. Not one officer, enlisted man, or civilian witness who testified before the commission said, "We can't do the job without women." Instead, the most frequently heard arguments for assigning women to combat were "I want to do it" or "Women have the right to do it" or "They can do it" or "It's a matter of equal opportunity" or "It's my choice." In short, "Why not?" Thus had Colonel Ray confirmed what everyone knew from the beginning: the commission's job was to ratify sexual egalitarianism.

Naturally enough, the commissioners who favored women in combat weren't worried about the cultural ramifications of such a radical proposal, and the witnesses to whom they deferred on this subject were feminist crackpots like Navy Commander Rosemary Mariner, a spiteful aviatrix who sees a knuckle-dragging Neanderthal under every rack. She argued that nothing short of assigning women to combat will stop sexual harassment at Tailhook conventions. In short, expose women to violence to stop violence against women.

It was this line of reasoning that inspired the six most important words said during the hearings: "Real men respect and defend women." You could have

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heard a pin drop in the room when Commissioner Kate O'Beirne uttered these unwelcome but true words. After all, irrespective of their own views on the subject, that is how all the male commissioners who favored women in combat had been raised, and O'Beirne was tacitly asking if they considered themselves real men or if they expected her to strap on sword and buckler and mix it up with the Iraqis. Assigning women to combat is egalitarianism of a different order than opening the door for them to become senators and doctors, she observed, and if the commission was going to recommend women in combat, it had better be prepared to recommend brainwashing millions of mothers, because they're all teaching their sons to respect and defend women, not to bang 'em on the grape with a pugil stick. Again, the women in the combat brigade—in the audience and on the commission—sat like stunned fish.

After eight months, the proponents of women in combat failed to make their case. They lost on two of the three most important votes. The commission narrowly voted (8-7) to recommend codifying the ban on women flying aircraft, resoundingly voted against women in ground combat (10-2), but incongruously and narrowly voted (8-7) to recommend opening combatant ships to women. The last vote should have been the other way around, and there's a very good reason it didn't turn out that way.

Before the commission took the vote concerning ships, the opponents of women in combat defeated a resolution, offered by Clark, to open all ships to women. After that vote, the chairman told his colleagues that important people wouldn't take the commission's report seriously if it didn't do *something*, that voting to uphold the status quo was a dog that just wouldn't hunt. After that admonition, another commissioner cleverly offered a resolution amending the first one to exclude women only from subs and amphibious ships (although putting women on subs was a goal of this particular commissioner). It passed.

More than anything, the vote to recommend assigning women to combatant vessels revealed the true nature of the commission: political. Proponents of women in combat had neither the moral high ground nor the facts on their side, yet they won this vote after losing the other two. No wonder the chairman had to make his short speech: if the commission didn't "do something" it would look mighty foolish. Imagine, in this day and age, voting against sending women to sea for six months on an aircraft carrier loaded with 4,000 men.

Unfortunately for the chairman, he lost on what was perceived to be the most important issue, whether women should fly combat aircraft, which brings me to my final point. When the women-can-do-anything-better-than-men crowd lost that vote, its cadre in the hearing room collectively and audibly drew in their breath, and Paula Coughlin, the naval officer who got her tail pinched at the 1992 Tailhook Convention, convened a press conference outside the hearing room to say the commission had set back women's rights 150 years. What was next? Would Congress repeal the 19th Amendment? There was wailing and gnashing of teeth. The whole point, some seemed to think, wasn't to study the issue, but to ratify a preordained conclusion. Sure the commission would "study" the issue, but it must vote to recommend women for combat in the sky, if not at sea or on land.

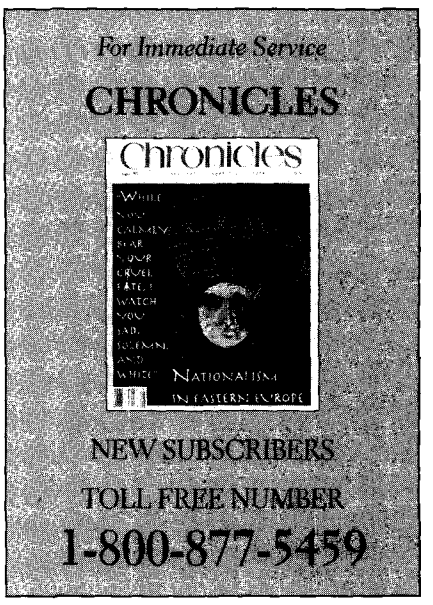
Illustrative of the attitude was one commission staff member, a lady lieutenant in the Louisiana National Guard, who marched into my office the day after the vote and said, "Those commissioners just destroyed nine months of work." How so, if the object was to study the facts and take a vote on it? Because the object of the exercise, the Amazon Lobby knew, wasn't honest debate, but validation of a preconceived idea: women can and should fight alongside men. That's why Pat Schroeder and Company went ballistic when the report came out. If the vote had gone the other way, you can bet she would have nominated all 15 commissioners for the Presidential Medal of Freedom.

As for the commission itself and the behavior of all the commissioners themselves, I could say many negative things. All of them, at one point or another, exposed an ugly side, which one could have expected considering the tendentiousness of the debate. However, one piece of evidence shows how determined—and bitter—the proponents of women in combat actually were.

Each commissioner wrote a short personal statement for the final report. The four most ideologically hidebound partisans weren't the conservatives who opposed women in combat, but the liberals who proposed overturning 200 years of settled American law, policy, and custom. They used their statements to attack those who won the vote on women in aircraft, alleging that they came to the commission with an "agenda," that some unseen and unnamed force had "stacked" the commission with "conservatives." (If only that had been true.) On the other hand, those who opposed women in combat used their personal statements to clarify or elaborate on their own positions. Not one attacked the other side for hiding a secret agenda, although they certainly could have from what I saw and heard.

The Presidential Commission on the Assignment of Women in the Armed Forces shows how low public virtue and civility have ebbed, how mindless and shallow the public policy debate has become. Because we no longer live in a country where people discuss issues from a commonly shared set of values and beliefs—in this case, that men don't expect women to fight for them—the commission could never have solved anything. That is why its mission was entirely political, why the votes would have been the same if the commission had studied the subject for a year, a minute, or a day. How and when we reached the point where we now debate the ludicrous suggestion that women should march off to war while men drink beer and watch it on CNN—this is what the country should ponder.

R. Cort Kirkwood wrote and edited the "Alternative Views" section of the commission's final report.



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Politically Correct Nursery Rhymes

by Ken Boguz

Political correctness may have started in the universities, but it has begun to trickle down into other areas of American culture. I recently discovered a new series of biographies for children that includes lives not only of George Washington and Abraham Lincoln but also of former Beatles guitarist John Lennon. I also came across a book that purports to help parents locate "nonsexist reading material" for their children—as if a "nonsexist" tale were as hard to find as a spotted owl or a whooping crane. I knew things were really getting bad when I saw that a local restaurant had renamed its Indian pudding "Native American pudding." If things keep going at this rate, it won't be long before p.c. trickles all the way down to nursery rhymes.

When the revisionism does come, what will the new thinkers do with the old rhymes? Will "Rub-a-Dub-Dub, Three Men in a Tub" be transformed into a gay liberation anthem? Will feminists insist on eliminating Peter-Peter, the Pumpkin-Eater, on the grounds that he chauvinistically tries to confine his wife in a pumpkin shell? Will they rewrite Punch and Judy so that Judy starts punching Punch back? Will they change "Old Mother Hubbard" to "Old (M)-Other Hubbard," in keeping with the latest feminist orthography? Will they rewrite "Jack and Jill" to illustrate "the oppression of wimmin in Amerika"? If so, the new version may sound like this:

Jack sent Jill
On up the hill,
To fetch a pail of water.
Jill fell down
And tore her gown,
While Jack dissolved in laughter.

Up Jill got
And home did trot
As fast as she could scamper
To mean old Dad,
And, boy, was he mad!
"By God," he swore, "I'll spank her!"

Then Jack came in,
And he did grin
To see his dad oppress her.
Jack, you cad,
You're just like your dad.
You both are sexist bastards!

Feminists tend to be dreadfully earnest, so they probably would not hesitate to transform even the most jolly rhymes into dreary manifestos of gender sensitivity. Lewis Carroll's "Father William" might be rewritten thusly:

"You are old, Dr. William," the young girl said,
"And your syllabus is exceedingly white.
Your authors are pale, & they're male, & they're dead.
Do you think in this age it is right?"

And little girls of the future could be encouraged to jump rope while chanting:

Mary, Mary, quite contrary,
How does your essay go?
With language tropes, and Foucault quotes,
And marginalized texts all in a row!

While it is easy enough to imagine what the feminists might do to nursery rhymes, it is a bit more difficult to guess what deconstructionists might do. There is, however, at least one nursery rhyme that, when crossed with an axiom from Paul de Man, could be made to express the deconstructionist position that all language is unstable and endlessly self-referential:

Sticks and stones
May break my bones,
But since language
Is a vertiginous system
Of signs and significations,
Rather than a codified
Pattern of meanings,
Words can never hurt me.

When the age of sensitivity is ushered in, most of the old rhymes will presumably have to be ushered out, or at least substantially rewritten. However, a few might be retained for "educational" purposes. Consider, for instance:

There was an old woman who lived in a shoe.
She had so many children she didn't know what to do;
She gave them some broth without any bread;
She whipped them all soundly and put them to bed.

The archaic spelling of "woman" in the first line would, of course, have to be changed to the politically correct "wombyn," but otherwise these couplets could be used to raise consciousness. Students could be made to understand that these lines represent a thinly veiled allegorical commentary on the status of "wimmin" in pre-p.c. "Amerika." Teachers could explain that, in all likelihood, the old wombyn was forced to live in a shoe because ruthless conservatives cut funding for low-income housing. Probably she was forced to have all of those children because reactionary extremists prevented her from procuring government-subsidized birth control and abortions. The children, no doubt, were compelled to go to bed without proper nourishment because right-wing zealots cut the old wombyn's food stamps. Of course, some might argue that it would be better if it were an old man beating the children in the last line, instead of the old wombyn. Instructors could explain, however, that the old wombyn had been unconsciously conditioned to accept such violence by the patriarchal society in which she lived.

On the whole, though, the old rhymes would have to be rewritten or replaced. In place of the old alphabet rhymes there would be new ones, such as:

"C" is for condoms, which we keep in our pants.
"D" is for Derrida, who came here from France . . .

Finally, given the modern obsession with sex and sexual paraphernalia, it might be appropriate to change "Hot Cross Buns" to:

Cheap Condoms!
Cheap Condoms!
One a penny, two a penny,
Cheap condoms!

If your daughters do not like them,
Give them to your sons.
Cheap Condoms!

Oh, brave new world!

Ken Boguz is the pen name of a disgruntled English graduate student.

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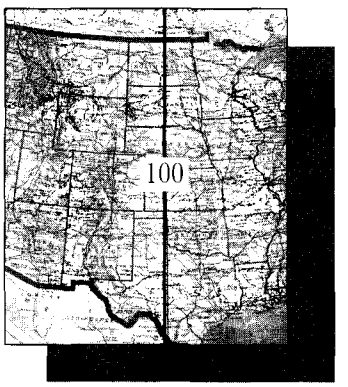
The Hundredth Meridian

by Chilton Williamson, Jr.



War on the West

Maybe because the Sage Brush Rebellion coincided with the energy boom of the late 70's and early 80's when Western industrialists and developers were firmly in the saddle, its rhetoric rarely, if ever, achieved the intensity that Rocky Mountain politicians and other public spokesmen have used in denouncing the Clinton administration's efforts to redesign the social, economic, and political structures of their region. "War on the West" is a phrase heard repeatedly from such sober and responsible Western representatives of both national parties as Republican Senator Malcolm Wallop of Wyoming and Governor Mike Sullivan (also of Wyoming and the first Democratic governor to endorse Bill Clinton's bid for the presidency), who recently assured the Wyoming Woolgrowers' Association, "If you think you're suffering from paranoia, don't worry about it. They really are out to get you," adding that "the assault on public land issues is affecting culture values" of Westerners in general and the people of Wyoming in particular. Most dramatically, James Watt, Secretary of the Interior in Ronald Reagan's first administration and a Wyoming native now residing in Jackson, warns that Westerners "are learning to fear our government." At least one meeting of Western lawmakers has convened in recent weeks for the purpose of discussing the issue of states' rights. While the word "secession" has yet to be spoken, there is no question that the Western mood is increasingly a rebellious one.

Parallels do exist between Washington's current attack on the West and the assault by the northern states against the Southern ones that culminated in the Civil War. The environmentalist movement, some of whose cohorts advocate the extension of "rights" to trees, rocks, and mountains, has given the old Free Soil agenda new meaning: while the Bureau of Indian Affairs stonewalls charges of brutality committed by its peace agents against the Native Americans entrusted to its care, the federal government embarks on a program to emancipate millions of acres of land from abusive cattlemen and exploitive miners. And like the conflict between north and South, the growing enmity between the West and the rest of the country is fundamentally a matter of opposing cultures. In spite of the Census Bureau's claim that the majority of the Western population today lives in cities, the culture as opposed to the demographics of the region remains rural, not urban, as that of most of the nation at large has become. (The Census Bureau classifies my hometown of Kemmerer, Wyoming, as "urban," although it has a population of just over 3,000 people and the closest neighboring town, population 1,500, is 45 miles away.)

Through all kinds of issues having no explicit connection with the War on the West, institutions and practices integral to Western life are currently under attack by either political or cultural forces or both—among them the productive use of land, animal husbandry, hunting, gun ownership, rodeo, independence, and privacy. What Westerners hear from Washington these days is the message that rural people are dinosaurs, a dwindling minority whose values are antiprogressive and whose interests therefore need not be consulted. (For instance, it is plain to everyone by now that the Clintons' national health care plan is wildly unsuited to the requirements of rural areas, particularly in the West, where it will of course, if passed, be impartially installed.) Though Wyoming's wealth is produced by its mineral resources, its values, as Watt argues, are derived from agriculture and from the wide open spaces that promote a spirit of independence. But "agricultural values" are the last thing an administration committed to the principles of GATT—which, as Wendell Berry insists, will only complete the destruction of the family farm that American agricultural policy has warred against for the last 60 years—cares about, while "independence" is precisely what our federal masters in Washington wish to subvert, anywhere and everywhere, within the former American Republic.

Still, the Southern metaphor seems less apt than the colonial one, as employed by Senator Wallop when he accused Interior Secretary Bruce Babbitt of attempting "completely [to] reorder the relationship between the federal government and its Western colonies. I call them colonies because [the federals] don't believe them to be states." In fact, the historical relationship between East and West is a textbook example of colonialism, characterized by exploitation of resources and abuses of economic and political control exercised at a distance by foreign capital and governance. In the early days of exploration and development these practices were unavoidable, since many or most explorers and developers were necessarily agents of interests and associations operating in a wilderness devoid of interests and associations of its own. As the Western territories (with the lusty encouragement of the U.S. government) became settled, however, regional social and economic textures thickened, giving rise to indigenous institutions existing alongside remotely controlled ones. Though Washington was as eager for reasons of security and convenience to see the Western territories grow into proper states as it had been to have them settled up, it never really countenanced the transition, being accustomed to regard the West less as a geographical extension of the American body politic than as a vast resource dump from which to feed and develop the Eastern half of the country, as well as a white area on the map in which to perform dangerous experiments—that being, after all, the federal government's definition of the word "desert." The first question that comes to mind regarding recent revelations by the De-

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partment of Energy concerning the American government's use of unwitting citizens as human guinea pigs and secret atomic tests in the "wastelands" of Nevada is: What should we expect of a government that seeks to make the slaughter of unborn children the law of the land? The second is: What does the government's willingness to expose its former territorial people in Arizona and Utah to downwind radioactive pollution tell us about its true feelings regarding that "second-class citizenship" it deplores when the second-class citizens concerned are blacks, women, homosexuals, cripples, or people without free health insurance?

As applied to the American West, the colonial paradigm works only if we assume that the federal system, based substantially on the acceptance of a discrete regionality, was—and is—a plan to be taken seriously and adhered to strenuously. Events preceding the Civil War were the first major test of the commitment of American politicians to federalism; they flunked, and, contrary to the claims of the Great Emancipator, the war that followed was a vitiation, not a vindication, of the federal principle. But while the War for the Union went a long way toward deciding questions of regionality in America, the subsequent history of the United States is proof of how much was still left to decide, which from a states' rights point of view has been forfeited since. Though the conventional explanation of why the federal government owns 89 percent of the state of Nevada, 49 percent of the state of Wyoming, and comparable portions of the other Western states is that no one else wanted the land, perhaps the time has come for historians to reconsider the plausibility of this historical chestnut. Uncle Sam, it is true, is no genius. But he is shrewd and, when it comes to assessing his own interests, farsighted aplenty.

Particularly galling to Westerners is the East's quixotic decision that it now prefers a theme park, playground, or fantasy land to the wide-open field for mineral extraction, railroad-building, cattle ranching, timbering, dam-building, and desert reclamation it once saw—almost exclusively—in the West. In this respect particularly, the regions are out of sync with one another, the East and Far West having discovered the joys of postmodernism before the West has entirely entered the modern era. Viewed from a somewhat different perspective, the situation is the result of the extension of colonial power from the industrial East to the postindustrial Far West, from the 19th-century values of industry and capital to the late 20th-century ones of leisure, recreation, and self-discovery. The West, having been exploited by each set of values in turn, today finds itself literally pressed between them.

It is true that the forces currently threatening Western civilization are not only exogenous. The West is, and always has been, home to a powerful and determined class whose aim is to transform their native region into a facsimile of California, Texas, or, closer to home, the Salt Lake Valley; to slip the leash on "progress" and accomplish with their bulldozers, drag lines, power plants, and asphalt spreaders an alternative type of destruction to that being planned by outsiders with their blueprints for resort communities and second-home subdivisions, their schemes for wilderness lockups and lockouts. The debate between the proponents of the Old and the New West is almost as vigorously prosecuted intramurally as it is across regional boundaries, the chief difference being that the native advocates of development are former Sage Brush rebels who want the feds to remand all the Western public lands to the Western states, which in turn would sell them off to private bidders.

Apart from the obvious objection that these private buyers would be at least as likely to represent non-Western interests as Western ones, this solution to the public lands question indicates the magnitude of the crisis facing the Old West. As long as Washington controls these lands, it enjoys nearly irresistible leverage by which to determine the social, economic, and political future of the West; should control pass to the states themselves, it would certainly devolve in short order upon a rapacious minority of Westerners who see no loss but only financial gain in "improving" their region to the point where it becomes indistinguishable from most of the rest of the country. The rich may be different from you and me, as Scott Fitzgerald told Ernest Hemingway, but they are no different from one another, West or East, and they have not become rich by a regard for any consideration other than that of monetary gain. The paradox is that, for the foreseeable future, the well-being and security of the American West depend upon its public lands remaining in the grip of the federal government, withheld from irresponsible development by private interests while continuing to be made available for limited and responsible private use by Westerners, who for generations have made a generally precarious living from them. Cattlemen and sheepmen are not presently damaging the range, which today is in better condition than it has been at any time since the 1930's: a fact well known to the Clinton people, who have dishonorably attempted to suppress the truth. The solution to the Western land use impasse is therefore a simple one: preserve the *status quo ante bellum*.

Ten years ago I was visited by Francis Russell, the late American historian and biographer of Warren G. Harding, then making his first car trip across country with his new wife at the tender age of 75. I drove Francis and his bride by jeep into the mountains, where they saw deer and elk, and later to a cedar break overlooking the sagebrush desert of the Green River Basin for a supper of antelope steaks cooked over a juniper-wood fire. While I prepared dinner, Francis wandered onto a stony promontory a hundred yards from camp and stood staring across the broken tablelands to the Uinta Mountains 70 miles away in northern Utah, their snowy peaks bathed in alpenglow from the evening sun. "You know," he said to me when I went looking for him to refill his wine glass, "I never dreamed a place like this existed in the United States. America is really an empire, not a country, isn't it? I never realized that before." He was right, it is an empire. And right now what it needs more of is something called Home Rule. ·C·

LIBERAL ARTS

A SIGN OF THE TIMES

An aspiring surrogate mother who offered her "womb for rent" on a billboard overlooking a busy Houston freeway received hundreds of calls from prospective patrons, reported the *Chicago Tribune* last November. The woman's lawyer said that candidates for the woman's services called from as far away as Australia and the Netherlands.

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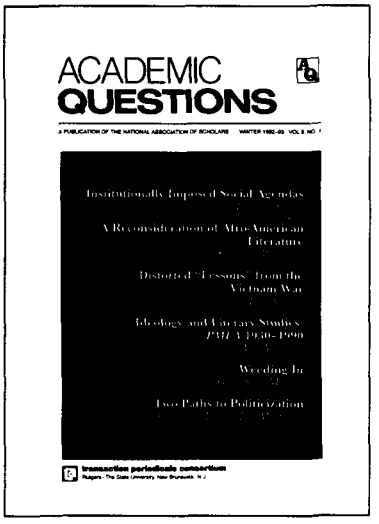

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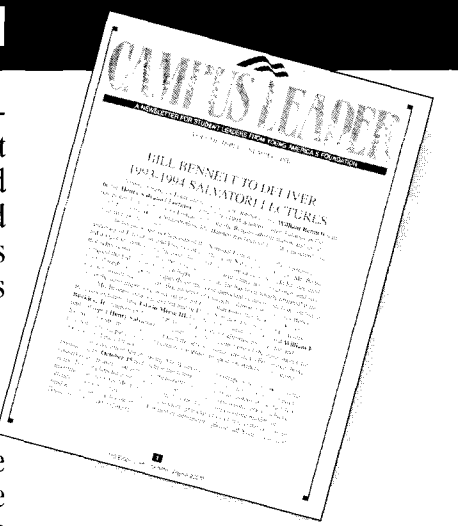
"Young America's Foundation is a refuge for students seeking an alternative to the 'politically correct' environment enforced on many campuses."

Ronald Reagan

Now more than ever conservative students must be prepared to defend their beliefs. Knowledge and information are key weapons in this battle, whether it's understanding how to conduct a conservative speakers program, ward off "politically correct" administrators, or run an alternative publication. For twenty-five years Young America's Foundation has helped students with speakers, publications, training and advice. Now we introduce the "Campus Activist Package," a selection of Foundation publications that can give you the know-how and information to promote your ideas on campus.



Libertas is the Foundation's general newsletter published six times yearly. It reports on Foundation events, noting students who have been successful conducting campus programs and battling political correctness.

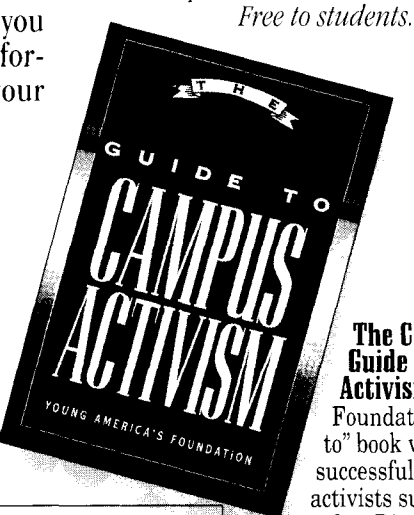
Free.

Campus Leader is the Foundation's monthly newsletter for student contacts. It contains information on resources available from the Foundation, including speakers, books, and posters. Each issue includes a full-size poster. These posters have decorated thousands of dorm rooms on campuses all over the U. S.

Free to students.

Young America's Foundation Speakers Program contains information on the various speakers offered through the Foundation, including William F. Buckley, Oliver North, Russell Kirk, Bay Buchanan, William Bennett, Dinesh D'Souza, Phyllis Schlafly, Walter Williams, and many more. In recent years these speakers have addressed thousands of students, bringing balance to hundreds of campuses all over the U. S.

Free.



The Conservative Guide to Campus Activism is the Foundation's "how-to" book written by successful campus activists such as author Dinesh D'Souza, Congressman Dana Rohrabacher and Foundation President Ron Robinson. Includes chapters on how to start a conservative newspaper, conducting speaking events, fundraising, how to defend your legal rights on campus, and more.

$10.00

To Order, Return This Coupon To:

"Campus Activist"
Young America's Foundation
F. M. Kirby Freedom Center
110 Elden Street
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